HE WAS A PEPPERY OLD CHAP:

Silver Pepper Pot sold for £20 oz., total £56.

THAT was once said to me when referring to a nonagenarian solicitor, who was looked upon as the Squire of Mitcham. A wonderful old gentleman, and when over ninety could be seen riding his tricycle. A few years earlier he sometimes came to London, through all the traffic, to Fleet Street. I suppose it is well over fifty years ago, possibly sixty, since he was first returned to Parliament. A great Churchman, I heard him read the lessons at St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, at the age of eighty-seven, and, like another great Lawyer, he was not afraid to show his colours in the House of Commons (I refer to the Home Secretary). He was often held up to ridicule in the House, also by some of the illustrated papers, owing to his showing reverence at times when such should be observed. I did not find him PEPPERY when I sold much of his silver during his lifetime, and enjoyed the visit to the old House at Mitcham, and the interview with the dear old saint. I never knew if he WILLED it so—that when he slipped the cable I was to sell the contents of the house. At any rate, the Executors gave me the work, which was carried out to their entire satisfaction. Of course, Peppery People are to be found in the legal profession!

On the 12th of March a lawyer rang up and gave me PEPPER, and said that a client had been offered £1,800 for some jewels, &c., would I undertake the business, and was requested to write and send a copy of my terms. I said that I would, and also send a letter of appreciation that had just come to hand over a similar transaction. He snapped me up and said he didn't wish to see it; it would be of no interest to him, and so forth. But the client was pleased to see what his Lawyer refused, and here it is, from a Baronet.

11th March, 1926.

"I consider you did very well; all the prices realized, with the exception of the comb, being quite satisfactory. I think you are entitled to know that the total sum realized exceeds by a very appreciable amount the sum offered by one of the largest firms of jewellers in the West End, with whom I have done business for years."

Well, I inspected the jewels at Barclays Bank, New Bond Street, on Wednesday, March 17th, and told the client I would guarantee £2,350 free of all commission as a minimum. I had an extra sheet added to catalogue, collected the Jewels Thursday, 9.45 a.m., on view at 10 o'clock. All sold next day, Friday, for £27 short of £3,000 (three thousand pounds), which sum the client will have, less 7½ per cent. commission. A letter was received the next day which apart from name and address I give in its entirety.

"My wife tells me you kindly telephoned this evening to give her the result of the sale of the jewellery. I need hardly say how pleased I am at your success. The net amount realized is over 30 per cent. above what was offered elsewhere. It will give me great satisfaction to tell my friends of this happy result. Please let me know when your next sale of silver takes place.—"

What is the moral of this announcement? Do not let your old-fashioned lawyer persuade you to go to old-fashioned firms who buy over the counter. Surely, when you read what is happening at my rooms every week, it should convince the most sceptical of the truth of my statements. *Experto crede.*

A lawyer, some time ago, advised a poor lone spinster who came from the Antipodes to claim her inheritance to "leave it all to him." Most of the jewels had been sold to "someone who paid good prices"? A friend advised her to come to me before selling any more. She produced a foolscap list, and, looking at what was left, I asked, "What has the pearl necklet been put down at?" "£500," she replied. Apart from her other property, which I sold so well, I obtained TWO THOUSAND POUNDS for the Necklet, the lawyer being present when I knocked it down. These are not fairy tales!

May I suggest that when you know that at your death the old home must be sold up, just put in your WILL "that Hurcomb, of Piccadilly, is to make the valuation for ESTATE Duty, and to sell the contents, or minus the proportion your dear ones may decide to keep." I say, with Oliver Wendell Holmes, that I am sixty-two years young, and, D.V., hope to be spared for some years yet to continue helping lame dogs over stiles.

For 21s. two of my representatives—one with a knowledge of Plate and Jewels, and the other Pictures, Porcelain, Old Furniture, Objects of Art, &c.—will call and impart all the information they can, and, if necessary, bring the jewels and silver away in the car. If desired, a third will also call—to confer with those who wish to sell their landed property by auction or by private treaty, to talk about valuations for mortgages, dilapidations, and all such matters undertaken by a surveyor.

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'Phone: Regent 475. **HURCOMB**

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MAY, 1926

Correspondence

Health and Diet

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The semi-vegetarians who buy and consume milk and eggs at present prices are encouraging the continual and wholesale slaughter, which they so strongly condemn, just as much as those who eat beef and poultry. It is only by means of the continual slaughter of males unwanted for stud purposes, and also of females too old to produce eggs and milk profitably, that we can afford to use eggs and milk at all. Had all these creatures to be kept alive until they died of old age, milk would be a guinea a pint and eggs a guinea each. To be consistent, vegetarians must be vegetarians in fact, as well as in name, except, I suppose, during the first few months of their lives!

Yours, etc.,
GUY PORTER.

Too Much Schooling?

Cyngfeld, Shrewsbury.
March 25, 1926.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I anticipate that Mr. E. T. Good's controversial article on education in your March number produced a number of letters in reply, but I cannot refrain from recording yet another protest.

Mr. Good would seem to advocate that the compulsory age of elementary schooling be reduced to ten or eleven years; that, in fact, at these tender ages general education should be abandoned in favour of specialization, for boys in the workshop or business house, for girls in the kitchen. Am I really to understand that Mr. Good seriously advocates ten or even twelve years as a suitable age for entering on a business career? Nobody questions that our present system is so insufficiently developed in many respects as to have the unfortunate effect of imparting to the children a narrow, and in some cases even useless, knowledge. Children who have received an elementary education may be "densely and appallingly ignorant of the world, its industries and institutions, of the common want of the people"; they may have "little interest in, or inclination for, useful work." At the age of ten or twelve what healthy child has? But is this the result of the fact that the compulsory leaving age is fourteen instead of ten or eleven, or is it because the system was begun as late as 1870—more than half a

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P.1886

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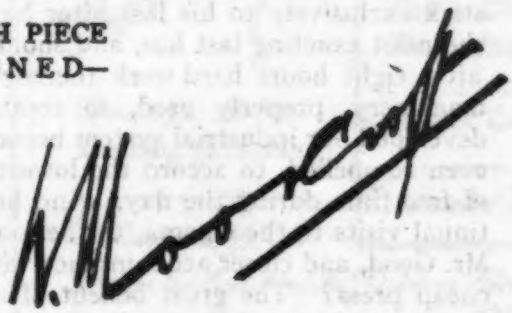

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century after France and Germany had universal and highly developed educational facilities—and has since had a constant uphill fight? Because, in fact, through lack of means (or, very possibly in the original case, foresight) schoolrooms have been constructed for the accommodation of forty, and sometimes fifty, children, and the teachers consequently expected to instruct more infants than Argus himself could supervise, much less give individual attention to.

Even should a reduction in the age limit be considered desirable in order to lessen the "devastating torrent of children" requiring education, how are all these unlessoned mediocrities of ten and eleven years to be employed? Mr. Good vaguely suggests that they shall then "get an early and proper grounding in useful labour, or be drafted to special industrial schools." Even supposing such institutions to be provided, what of the useful labourers? Girls could not immediately enter domestic service, nor boys find employment on the land. Of necessity their only occupation would be found in the domestic routine of the family. Here then we leave them, the boy at best following his father's footsteps behind the plough as unwillingly as ever he crept like snail to school; the girl with her culinary experience limited by the modest menu of the labourer's cottage.

Let us turn for a moment to their more fortunate brethren, the candidates for industrial or mechanical institutions. Does Mr. Good seriously believe that a child's particular aptitude or general abilities can be adequately gauged at the age of ten, eleven, or even twelve? Children are queer, uncertain things. Many do not begin to show any special capacity till well after the age at which Mr. Good proposes they shall leave school; and yet these same "slow starters" frequently become not only proficient, but brilliant, later in life. So undeveloped, essentially uncreative in most cases, is the child mind before the age of fourteen that it matters little what they are taught so long as their brains are trained in judgment and imagination, appreciation and accuracy. But for the majority of us it would seem that Mr. Good sees no object in developing our mental faculties beyond accuracy in the nice adjustment of a cog, appreciation of the prim neatness of a furrow, imagination over the fire-pots, judgment in the choice of a ledger.

There is yet another thing which Mr. Good has overlooked, something which plays a large part—frequently, perhaps, too large a part—in our lives, I mean leisure. Mr. Good advocates that the shoemaker stick exclusively to his last after he reaches the age of ten; but even the most exacting last has, and should have, a way of liberating a man after eight hours' hard work thereon. Moreover, it is the function of machinery, properly used, to create leisure; and the more highly developed our industrial system becomes the more shall we feel justified, even compelled, to accord the lowest labourer a reasonable proportion of free time during the day. And how is this to be employed? Continual visits to the cinema, to the football match, so much deplored by Mr. Good, and closer acquaintance with the less edifying columns of the cheap press? The great benefit of an all-round education, carried to the reasonable age of, say, sixteen years, is that it gives a man a chance of occupying his spare time profitably and with discrimination. It gives him, in fact, a standard. Why, because a man is not considered fit for the higher education (where, by the way, does higher education

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begin according to Mr. Good?) should he be debarred the pleasure of appreciating good music or good literature? In order that he may do this it is not enough to teach him to read, write, and count.

But Mr. Good so condemns the attitude of the present generation towards work that it is almost doubtful whether he considers any leisure to be a legitimate part of the day. Admittedly there is a general slackness all round, a tendency to put work last. It may, however, conceivably be argued that this is largely the result of the war; that it is part of the inevitable reaction after the overstrain, mental and physical, endured during the years 1914–1918. To attribute this enervation to the genuine attempt that has been made since the end of the last century to extend and improve universal education, and to the fact that the compulsory age has been kept at fourteen years instead of ten, is little short of outrageous. If in practice the schools do not always, perhaps even in the majority of cases, beget a habit of work in the children, this is not the fault of the age limit. It is the old curse, too many in the class, and incompetent, harassed, uninspired teachers, admittedly the product of the most faulty part of our education—the training colleges. With good reason we may cry out against a system by which bright boys and girls are snatched from the elementary schools, hounded through the secondary schools, rushed through a course of two years' training, and then sent back to teach the next generation of elementary children. Hence all the present outcry for public-school and university men and women, people who have had the chance of developing mentality and character on lines broader than those offered by this terribly narrow circuit. If real education is "the formation and training of the mind," elementary education, considering the present nature of the homes from which many of these children come, must pay at least equal attention to the formation and training of their characters, yes, and of their bodies. Yet Mr. Good cannot think that this is necessary. He cannot, to take an example, see the necessity for organized games. Let us, however, remind ourselves that gutter-play and organized football, cricket, what you will, are very different things. Children simply left to play together are notoriously little beasts. Almost invariably it is a question of the survival of the fittest. Organized games, on the other hand, are frequently the most effective way of appealing (we must be banal) to the better feelings of children, their unselfishness, grit, instinct to play for the side and so on. Games, in fact, properly taught—another powerful argument for public-school men as elementary teachers—can be a vital element in character building, an end which Mr. Good himself has evidently very much at heart.

I suggest, then, that as an alternative to Mr. Good's proposal we adopt, however slowly because of our present financial embarrassments, a bolder policy of educational expansion. Let us raise the age limit, thin the classes, attract the best teachers, devote the funds at present sunk in the training colleges to extending the provincial universities, in a word, to make the system efficient before condemning its inefficient results.

I remain, Yours faithfully,

M. STEWART SMYLIE.

(Student of Somerville College, Oxford.)

The Church Army gratefully acknowledge a donation of £3 from a Reader of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MAY, 1926

Current Comments

IT would be useless to venture upon any forecast of the outcome of the coal negotiations now proceeding, but, even should a strike be averted, we fear that there are no good grounds for anticipating a settlement both satisfactory and permanent. Previous concessions have undoubtedly encouraged the miners, and particularly their extremist leaders, to look for a giving-away disposition on the part of the Government at the crucial moment, and the utterly unsound precedents of Government intervention have hopelessly confused the issue. It is purely economic, and should no more be meddled with by Government than the price of bread or turnips, the wages of bakers or agricultural labourers. It has, however, become a question of politics and votes, and is thus removed from the sphere of economics in which things find their own level by the operation of natural laws.

Coal

The country seems to be faced with unpleasant alternatives. The owners have nothing left to concede, and if the Government stand fast, relying upon the completion of their arrangements to maintain essential services in the event of a strike, then, because they gave way last July owing to their failure to take such cautionary measures (a failure to which THE ENGLISH REVIEW drew attention in June, 1925), a strike will probably occur. If they make concessions sufficient to avert a strike, it is probable that a crisis will arise again within a few months, when perhaps its effects would be more serious than now.

The adoption of the Coal Commission's Report, to which the Government are morally committed, would be a long step on the road to thinly disguised Socialism, and threatens to split the Conservative Party into two sections: those who still believe in the fundamental principles of Conservatism, private property and private enterprise, and those whose object seems to be to forestall the Socialists by legislative realization of their ideals before they regain office.

WE are surprised that Sir Alfred Mond, who possesses one of the few first-class brains in the political world, should be chasing the rainbow of an international coal-selling syndicate. His experience in the chemical industry has doubtless encouraged him to believe in the possibility of achieving agreement between the British and Continental coal interests. But there is no real analogy between an industry controlled by such a relatively few powerful units and the coal industry, in which English undertakings alone are counted in hundreds. The interests of the British concerns are, moreover, very divergent, and no agreement with German coal-owners would be effective if America were not included. In any case, even if a paper agreement could be reached, which is more than doubtful, it would not withstand the stress of the natural forces of competition bound to develop in the next period of over-production and bad trade. So long as it lasted, it could only have the effect of raising prices and of restricting the labour employed in the mines. Although this might temporarily ensure dividends and a slightly higher standard of wages to the reduced numbers of miners (results common in the sheltered industries), the unions would revolt at artificial restriction of employment, and other trades would be denied the long desired advantage of cheaper coal.

Sir Alfred Mond's Proposal

The conference with the representatives of the Westphalian Coal Syndicate has taken place and is likely, we believe, to prove abortive. Sir Alfred Mond is certainly no dreamer, but his eloquence and powers of persuasion can have had little effect upon the *real politik* mind of the Germans, who could, if they chose, dump millions of tons of coal in the Thames at a price well below that of English coal. If they have not yet done so, it is only because they well know that such an object-lesson would almost certainly prevent a British coal strike, than which nothing would better serve their immediate interests. Sir Alfred Mond will soon realize that International organization of owners is as futile as International agreement between miners. Competition cannot be eliminated, and it is not desirable that it should be. The only solution is to face realities, and to cheapen production by harder work.

France and the Franc

THE gradual depreciation of the franc continues, notwithstanding the passage of the Budget with its nominal balance; nominal, because the depreciation of currency alone since the figures of the Budget were framed vitiates the calculations, while no provision is made for payment of foreign debt. Friends of France must feel profound sympathy with her in the plight which has overtaken her. As has been repeatedly urged in this REVIEW, it is essentially political. There is nothing wrong with the fundamental economics of France, but she is in the grip of a hopelessly demoralized parliamentary system, and so is unable either to diagnose her financial ills, or to apply the necessarily drastic remedies which alone can save her currency. Every month makes it more obvious that France is caught in a vicious circle from which she is only likely to escape by exchanging her garrulous and futile groups of politicians for an effective autocratic government. Until she does, she seems doomed to go from bad to worse.

Even the *New Statesman*, a journal usually devoted to the execration of authority, not to say autocracy, comments thus on the French currency crisis:

> The political cowardice of the Chamber still prevents any effective steps being taken to re-establish French credit on the basis of adequate taxation and a balanced budget. It seems doubtful whether anything serious will be done until the fall has gone a good deal farther. Then there will be a panic, prices will suddenly soar, the public will revolt, and the deputies will be forced to do their duty, or if they still refuse, a financial dictatorship will probably have to be created. The sooner this happens the better, not merely for France, but for the rest of Europe.

The hopes based upon the voluntary fund launched to save the franc are likely to prove illusory. The sums collected will probably be inadequate, and no real measure of the patriotic spirit of all classes of the French people, since contributions will be checked by the natural want of confidence in the efficacy of the sacrifice. The mere existence of such a fund under present conditions is a dangerously bad advertisement of possible disaster, calculated to more than offset any tangible benefit. Further sharp depreciation in the franc might prove to be a blessing in disguise, and the salvation of France, since it would almost certainly result in the assumption of autocratic control of her finances.

Meanwhile, expressions of impatient regret at the delay in settlement of French indebtedness to Great Britain are worse than useless. Until French finances are in strong hands, independent of party politics, and the value of the franc can be approximately calculated for twelve months ahead, France is no more able to satisfy her foreign creditors than was Germany when the mark was rocketing from hundreds to thousands or millions.

Russia and Germany

A RUSSO-GERMAN Treaty was in advanced preparation by the beginning of April, and may have been signed by the time these notes are in print. Its main contents are fairly well known, and have not occasioned nearly as much uneasiness elsewhere as they would certainly have done at one time. The German Government kept the British Foreign Office informed of the negotiations at all stages, exactly as they informed Moscow throughout of those which led up to the Locarno agreements. This fact sufficiently illustrates the real nature of the new Treaty or, at least, its real intentions, on the German side. The intentions of Moscow—that is to say, of the Russian Foreign Commissary, M. Chicherin—are naturally another question. There can never have been any doubt that Germany would seek to exploit the possibilities presented, though *à longue échéance* by Russia. It is a mistake both to suppose that the so-called "Eastern School" in German policy has been under a cloud as a result of the Locarno negotiations, and to believe that it has now attained so complete an ascendancy that the whole Western relations of Germany must be regarded as profoundly modified. The modern version of the "Drang nach Osten" has long been apparent in German political thought. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the ablest financier and economist in the service of the Reich, was the guiding spirit of the National Bank when that institution so extensively financed German operations in Russia, and has beyond doubt succeeded in keeping touch with Russian economic affairs since the Revolution. He is not likely to be very gravely mistaken as to the present prospects of Russian development, with German or any other technical aid. His ambition certainly would be to keep the door open, which is the version in our day of the old policy of keeping intact the

"wire to St. Petersburg." The immediate prospects have not appeared any rosier as the result of recent German reports from Moscow. The "stabilized" gold currency, the *chervonetz*, has shown a serious decline, while German experiments in post-revolution exploitation of Russian concessions have proved the difficulties of dealing with the Soviet authorities.

Germany's Long View

But Germany almost inevitably regards probable developments rather than immediate political advantages. In a German statement of the Russian situation, published in 1920, it was pointed out that :—

> Russia was economically exhausted, her organization insufficiently developed and insufficiently skilled. Without foreign help of a very extensive nature she could not approach a renovation and reorganization of her political and industrial economy. The best prospects of development lay not in what used to be called "European Russia," but in Siberia and, in association therewith, in Russian Turkestan.

After the war Germans estimated that Russia was getting half her cotton from Turkestan, and the supply could be increased three- or four-fold. Thus Germany has been looking to Asiatic Russia for the supply, eventually, of large quantities of raw materials, which are probably the factor of largest moment in her present economic and political negotiations. Politically the nice sense of detachment as regards Russia permitted to countries situated at a greater distance is not possible for Germany, which, in the long run, places somewhat less confidence in the *cordon sanitaire* of Eastern European states than did some of the authors of the treaties which followed the war. Thus her *rapprochement* with Russia, or, more precisely, her anxiety not to be at feud with Moscow, is both natural and inevitable. It is quite unnecessary to regard it as a violation of the "Locarno spirit," though League jurists will doubtless examine closely the neutrality clauses of the new Treaty. As for the Russian side of the negotiations, M. Chicherin has obtained from Germany very much less than he originally asked, and still less than he offered. During those notorious visits to Berlin last autumn he is known to have asked as a minimum for an unrestricted treaty of neutrality, which would have conflicted with Germany's presumptive obligations as a member of the League, and to have

offered an even more far-reaching treaty of Alliance. It is probable that after the March meeting of the League, he again set his hopes very high. There are certain potential dangers in supping with Moscow without a very long spoon, but Germany doubtless is aware of that.

The Disarmament Conference

VISCOUNT CECIL has been selected as British Representative in Geneva, both for the Commission, meeting on May 10, which is to report to the League on the vexed problem of appointments to seats on the Council, and also to the Preparatory Committee on Disarmament, meeting on May 18. It is probable that very modest expectations are anywhere entertained as to the results of the Disarmament Conference. Its essential difficulties were explained by Mr. W. G. Carlton Hall in our February issue, where readers will find the text of the remarkable terms of reference. During April there were frequent suggestions that it would be better to postpone the meeting of the Preparatory Commission, which had already been postponed two months. This proposal did not, as has been in some quarters assumed, derive exclusively from Eastern European States coterminal with Russia, who, not unnaturally, find it difficult to perceive what hope there is of extensive reductions of European land-armaments so long as Soviet Russia declines to attend the Conference, making its *venue* a question of diplomatic prestige. There were Dominion authorities who equally held that a consideration of the whole problem should be deferred until after the autumn. They felt some anxiety lest another discussion of naval armaments might take place before the bearing of the Locarno Agreements upon Imperial Defence policy could be discussed at the Imperial Conference in October, while they are known also to expect that the general problem of the co-ordination of Imperial foreign policy and Imperial Defence will then form one of the most important subjects of discussion. There were, however, good reasons why postponement of the Disarmament discussion should be opposed. In the first place, the meeting on May 18 is preparatory. The commissioners have the task not only of reducing, if possible, to a manageable compass the eventual agenda of a plenary conference, but also, and primarily, of discovering whether at the present time there is a sufficient

measure of agreement obtainable to make practicable any further attempt to "lighten the burden" of armaments. A glance at the terms of reference shows how very far the Preparatory Commission has to travel before it can give a reply to the second question. As Mr. Carlton Hall pointed out, an answer to the first question propounded ("What is to be understood by the expression 'armaments'?") might possibly be evolved "by a wholly impartial philosopher after prolonged study." Of the other queries some appear frankly insoluble. But it is the business of the Preparatory Committee to reduce the problem to manageable dimensions, to extract, if possible, a practicable agenda out of a nebulous academic discussion, or, alternatively, to report to the next meeting of the Assembly that after mature consideration the present time does not appear opportune for pursuance of the inquiry. By this means, all appearance will be avoided of the discussion having been indefinitely postponed by "hole-and-corner" diplomacy. Those American enthusiasts who so constantly advise European countries as to what they ought to do to set their houses in order—and incidentally in order that they may have larger budget surpluses for making payments to the United States—will be precluded from casting their customary aspersions upon Europe, and may even find, at last, their motives examined in a spirit of rather keener political realism than was common before Colonel House so unkindly exposed the methods and motives of President Wilson. The Dominions need have no anxieties. No possible commitments can be undertaken by Lord Cecil's mission, though he will, it may be hoped, succeed in tactfully assuaging some of those diplomatic asperities which so difficult a discussion may only too easily arouse.

Britain and Egypt

THE fall of the Egyptian Government and the return to power of a Zaghlulist Cabinet, possibly without the veteran Nationalist leader himself, has appeared probable for some months, owing to the *rapprochement* of three different Opposition parties. In some quarters in this country this Nationalist revival seems to have occasioned great anxieties. For these, the supposed failure of British policy and statesmanship at Geneva in March has been largely blamed. An impression seems to have prevailed that British

diplomatic stock was at a low ebb, and that, in the event of disturbance in Egypt, the British Government would find it difficult to take again the firm stand illustrated by their dispatch to the Secretariat of the League of Nations, dated November 19, 1924, and issued from the offices of the League on December 3. That dispatch was, as it chanced, actually sent on the very day of the murder of the Sirdar. It dealt with a possible demand on the part of Egypt to have her disputes with Great Britain, notably regarding the Sudan, referred to the League. The mischievous Protocol was then under discussion, and the British Government took prompt steps to reaffirm their determination to allow of no outside interference with Anglo-Egyptian relations about "matters in which the rights and interests of the British Empire are vitally involved," and to regard any such interference by another Power "as an unfriendly act." In these circumstances, the Government could not admit that the Arbitration Protocol, if signed by Egypt, would enable the Government of Egypt to invoke the intervention of the League. The effect of that pronouncement was most salutary, both in Egypt and elsewhere. Moreover, its validity remains since British relations with Egypt and Imperial connections via Egypt continue to be a preponderant national interest. Ebullience of Egyptian nationalism is not likely in the long run to prove disturbing, provided that the determination of this country to maintain unimpaired her rights and responsibilities in respect of Egypt is definitely reaffirmed.

The Naval Service

REGARDED as a profession the Naval Service is rather under a cloud just now. The number of ships in commission has been heavily reduced, the War battleships and cruisers are rapidly becoming obsolete, and political resistance even to the most necessary replacements of ships is formidable and growing. In these after-War years of apparent naval security the Navy has not behind it that public driving power of apprehension—commonly called blue funk—which supported the Admiralty in their demands during 1908–1914. A first-class Navy is just as necessary to this country and the Empire as it ever was, though the need may not be obvious to the all-powerful man-in-the-street who is the terror of politicians.

Not only is it very difficult to get money for ships, but it is now becoming not too easy to get the right class of young officers. The prospects are not good. For the first twenty years of his service the youngster who enters through Dartmouth has a full, active life, and gets the finest training in the world. Then he sees before him that perilous chasm of selection which divides the lieutenant-commander from the rank of commander. If that chasm be not crossed at the right moment—four-fifths of the young officers do not cross it—the end of a career is in sight. There can be no further promotion, and in the early forties of his age the officer has to retire with his training largely wasted. That is one of the tragedies of peace-time service which affects the executive officers much more gravely than it does the engineering or paymaster branches. It is possibly the remembrance of the fate which awaits the officer not made a commander that makes the executive branch rather jealous of the happier prospects of the others, who, though they cannot rise so high, yet are protected from falling so low. It is this uncertainty in the prospects of the naval officer that is affecting the attitude of the schools. Not long since the Headmasters of the public schools were consulted by the Admiralty about their supply of candidates for entry to the Naval College at Dartmouth. The Headmasters were, we understand, not encouraging. They pointed out that a profession which for four out of every five entrants culminates at the age of thirty-five, and involves retirement at forty-five, would not appeal to the parents of bright public-school boys. We are afraid that there is much truth in this view. The Navy is still largely hereditary, and the sons of officers are ready to take chances which seem too big to those outside the magic circle of naval tradition.

Reviving the Airship

It is difficult to see how the Government can logically refuse to the newly-formed Airship Club the same financial assistance that they have already offered to the five existing light aeroplane clubs, since it would merely mean the diversion of money already voted by Parliament for a sixth aeroplane club, all attempts to form which have, up to the present, proved abortive. The visit, *en route* for the Pole, of the "Norge I," the Italian Government-

built airship, which has been sold to Amundsen, is a timely reminder that other countries do not concur in our policy of neglecting the smaller types of airship, in the design of which we became pre-eminent during the war owing to our extensive use of them in the anti-submarine campaign, where they showed their superiority over other types of aircraft. The Government is doing little enough in all conscience to further the development of airships, but even so is confining its activities entirely to the two large rigid airships being built for the service to India; the smaller, and cheaper, non-rigid type being entirely ignored. A certain amount of lip-service to the airship is paid by the official Air Ministry spokesmen in most of their pronouncements—except the chief of the Air Staff, who maintains a consistent policy of silence on the subject—but the lighter than air craft are invariably omitted from any scheme of expansion. The idea of the formation of light aeroplane clubs, with the object of developing an "air sense" in the nation, emanated from within the Air Ministry without any prompting from outside, but it never seems to have occurred to them to provide the same facilities to encourage an "airship sense," although the airship is at least as important a unit of our air forces as the aeroplane. A number of public-spirited enthusiasts have now stepped into the breach and formed the Airship Club to do for airships what the light aeroplane clubs do for aeroplanes.

Divorce, Decency and Dividends

The debate and division on the Judicial Proceedings (Regulation of Reports) Bill revealed the hollowness of the arguments against enforcing decency upon a not inconsiderable portion of the Press which habitually seeks to make dividends out of dirt. The absurd and canting contention that the publication of detailed reports of such disgusting cases as have recently occupied much more space in certain newspapers than the proceedings in Parliament is necessary to the maintenance of a high standard of morals, owing to its deterrent effect upon wrongdoers, could hardly have been advanced in any other country, except, perhaps, America. The torture and damage resulting from publicity are notoriously suffered less by the guilty than by the innocent. Publicity is, indeed, commonly used as a peculiarly low form of

blackmail against the innocent. In any case, the law, the judge and the jury constitute the tribunal, not the reporters and that less intelligent section of the public whose taste for indecent details is pandered to by newspaper proprietors greedy for dividends. Certain fashionable counsel may regret that their skill in laying bare the most painful secrets of wrecked lives will be denied the advertisement which leads to a certain sort of social distinction and a princely income. Their interests and those of the newspapers which make fortunes out of filth are less than nothing compared with the protection of young minds from the utterly unnecessary pollution of many divorce and some other reports.

In introducing the second reading of the Bill, which was carried by the remarkable majority of 222 against 3 votes, Major Kindersley quoted Queen Victoria's letter to Lord Chancellor Campbell in 1859 :—

> The Queen wishes to ask the Lord Chancellor whether no steps can be taken to prevent the present publication of proceedings before the new Divorce Court. These cases fill now almost daily a large portion of the newspapers, and are of so scandalous a character that it makes it almost impossible for a paper to be trusted in the hands of a young lady or boy.

He also quoted that fine Englishman, sound lawyer and good cricketer, Lord Alverstone (Richard Webster) who, when giving evidence in 1912 before the Royal Commission on Divorce, said that he

> could not see the slightest need for the publication of detailed reports of divorce proceedings; such publication did not act as a deterrent to the guilty persons, and the mischief done to the young was incalculable, particularly to boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

The Bill is the same as that introduced in the House of Lords last year by Lord Darling, and although in committee it will undoubtedly be amended and improved in details, there is little doubt that it will pass.

The Failure of Prohibition

THE dangers, the fallacies, and the failure of Prohibition in America can no longer be concealed and their exposure is, indeed, even more sensational than the British public had any reason to expect. Prohibition has, however, been enshrined in the American constitution, and commonsense will still have a long struggle to regain that lost freedom presumably commemorated by the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour.

The one useful deduction which we on this side are entitled to draw from the revelations recently made before the Commission of Inquiry into the working of the Volstead Act, is that all the missionaries of Prohibition sent from America to convert our pleasant land to a system productive of so much crime and corruption must have been either conscious liars or, far more dangerous, fanatical perverters of the truth. The British public will not be greatly interested in the efforts of the State Department to frame new regulations to protect God's own country from contamination by the "moral turpitude" of our own and other abandoned races, but it should be grateful to America for having furnished us with an object-lesson of the depths of degradation to which a whole nation may sink when perverted virtue is swayed by blind fanaticism.

Conditions in the Free State

JUDGING from comments in the local Press, the Free State taxpayer is at last awakening to the fact that Home Rule is fast proving his undoing. It has been pointed out that the taxable capacity of the Free State compared with that of Great Britain is about one-sixtieth, and that accordingly, on this basis, equality of tax-burden would mean about £13,500,000 for the Free State. The total revenue actually raised during 1925–26 was £25,439,096. Excluding the revenue derived from the Post Office, Land Purchase Annuities, and Miscellaneous Receipts, the actual tax revenue raised was £21,597,000. According to the Dawes Report, Great Britain is being taxed to the limit of her means. It is clear, therefore, that the Free State, with an estimated population of only 3,163,000, is being taxed far beyond the limit of its means, owing to the extravagant system of government which has been imposed on the country. It is stated that there are at present 53,000 persons on the pay-roll of the State, or one to every fifty-nine of the population. To these must be added about 18,500 pensioners living on the State. Together, they absorb annually about £14,500,000, or more than the revenue deriveable on the basis of equality of tax-burden with Great Britain. In the Revenue Department alone, 1,561 officials were sufficient for the whole of Ireland in 1921. In the Free State alone to-day, the number engaged in the collection of taxes is stated to

be 2,603. There are sixty-three officials employed by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, including the Free State representatives and their staffs in London, Washington, New York, Geneva, Brussels, and Paris. The effort to establish an independent State is thus proving a costly experiment, and is fast demonstrating the fact that the programme to which Sinn Fein is committed is impossible. The Minister for Finance recently stated that great reductions in Government expenditure were not practicable. The estimated expenditure for 1926–27 is now given at £30,669,428. The result of this extravagance in public expenditure is reflected in the economic collapse now overtaking the country. Trade is steadily declining. Compared with 1924, Free State imports fell from £65,811,406 to £60,550,541, and its exports from £48,448,395 to £41,774,182, while the adverse balance of visible trade reached the alarming figure of £17,768,432. Compared with 1914, when there was a credit balance of £2,132,262 for the whole of Ireland, the existing condition of Free State trade can easily be realized. Local administration, too, is in a chaotic condition. The County Councils have no money, as large arrears of rates are outstanding and cannot be collected. The people are too poor to pay. The County Councils are unable to finance many of the local Boards of Health, on whom rising demands for outdoor relief are being made, as unemployment becomes worse. All through the country destitution, want, and unemployment are increasingly in evidence.

Such figures as these should bring home to the Southern Irish that the Free State is too small a unit to maintain successfully independent existence. But the sense of perspective is as lacking amongst Free Staters as a real sense of humour. We read in the "Cork Tribune" that the (British) Electricity Supply Bill "is not so comprehensive as our Shannon Scheme, but it contains clauses which must inevitably bring England into line with us."

Canberra

So much criticism and so much ridicule have been levelled at "Australia's Bush Capital" that it seems difficult to believe that its official inauguration is actually to take place next year. But rumour is already rife as to whether the

Duke of York or Prince Henry will represent the King at the formal opening of the Houses of Parliament. In one sense a visit of the King's second son would be peculiarly appropriate, for it was as Duke of York that His Majesty opened the first Parliament of the Commonwealth at Melbourne in May 1901. The stipulation for the establishment of the Federal capital that was contained in the draft Constitution of the Commonwealth, and afterwards embodied in an Act of its Legislature, was a reflection of the old inter-State jealousies. On the one hand it was laid down that the seat of Government should be in New South Wales, and so the *amour-propre* of the Mother State of the Commonwealth was preserved. On the other hand, Melbourne's traditional jealousy of Sydney was appeased by the reservation that the capital site must be at least a hundred miles from the "harbour city." Moreover, as a further sop to Victorian sentiment, it was agreed that, pending the settlement of the new capital, and for a period of at least seven years, Parliament should meet in Melbourne. The seven years have grown to nearly twenty-seven, and Federal legislators have found the Victorian capital a very convenient meeting-place. Certainly they will miss the amenities of the second city of the Commonwealth—with its excellent train service, hotels, and theatres—in the comparatively primitive surroundings of the new artificial capital. But there has been a definite and persistent pressure from the other States—notably, of course, from New South Wales—and the move to the "Federal Territory" which has been carved out of the back blocks will apparently be made early next year. As a matter of fact, New South Wales has little real ground to complain of Victorian domination in Federal politics. Taking the Prime Ministers alone, five—Barton, Reid, Watson, Cook, and Hughes—came from the Mother State, and only two—Deakin and Mr. Bruce himself—from Victoria. Queensland produced one in Mr. Fisher. Where Melbourne will suffer is in the loss of the great warren of Commonwealth offices in Spring Street, which undoubtedly brought a certain amount of business activity to the city. But they are not gone yet, and even if Parliament religiously goes out into the bush, some time must pass before the new capital is ready for all its official tenants.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Canada's Maritime Provinces

THE people of the three Maritime Provinces of Canada—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island—have long been in the habit of talking of themselves as the Cinderellas of Confederation. No doubt there is a tendency to dwell overlong on certain disabilities for which the rest of the Dominion can scarcely be held responsible. At the same time it is impossible not to sympathize with the good citizens of these ancient and honourable provinces of the old "Lower Canada," who have seen the tide of immigration diverted to the west; the volume of traffic on the Canadian national railways side-tracked to Portland on alien soil across the border, and their representation at Ottawa dwindle proportionately with their own depleted population. For this reason the activities of the Royal Commission appointed by the Dominion Government to inquire into the economic conditions of the three provinces should prove of distinct value. It may not be able to wave a magic wand over the orchards of the Annapolis Valley and the harbour of Halifax, and give an immediate market for the one and an influx of shipping for the other. Indeed, it is difficult to see exactly where a solution may be found for some of the problems which the people of the maritimes look upon as unjust legacies of Confederation. They mourn the Protectionist policy, which they allege has lost them markets; but they themselves voted for Protection in the past. They rail against the injustice of taking the management of the old Intercolonial Railway, which links the maritimes with Ontario and Quebec, out of their hands; but their own politicians were responsible for the extravagances and the mismanagement which made drastic reform necessary. And the admitted hardship of decreased representation is an unfortunate, but automatic, consequence that follows on the proportional system agreed to at Confederation. The one certain service which the Commission will undoubtedly render is in removing the suspicion—deeply and bitterly ingrained—that the Dominion as a whole is callous to the wants of the three provinces which have suffered most severely from the depression following on the war.

GREAT BRITAIN has reached the point where her own future depends on assuming a leading place in Empire trade, and therefore the purchase of Empire foodstuffs by everyone in this country is not a favour to the Empire Overseas, but a piece of constructive work for the Home Country. In gratifying a natural patriotism we are increasing the ability of our best customers to purchase our goods. Shopping Weeks throughout the country thus add to Imperial as well as National prosperity.

Empire Shopping Week

In some places Empire products are exhibited for sale at fairs and bazaars in stalls conducted by the retailers of the town. In others the municipality or local Chamber of Trade organizes an Empire Shopping Week in which all retail shops take part. This is the more valuable if the goods displayed can be obtained afterwards in the ordinary way of business; a mere collection of Overseas Empire curiosities, though it may excite interest, is not likely to achieve much practical result. Continuity is all-important.

Again, the exhibition under one roof of the widest variety of Empire products, as conducted by some of the large department stores, is particularly effective. The Army and Navy Co-operative Society supply an outstanding example. For many years they have exhibited Empire products plainly marked as such, and since their great display in 1923 under the auspices of the British Empire Producers' Organization, opened by the late Mr. Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand, their annual show has been an event of considerable importance to all who desire to forward the consumption of Empire products in Britain. The problem of many a puzzled housewife, how to realize her good resolutions to buy Empire goods, is made easy and full of interest. Empire Week at the Army and Navy Stores will begin on May 17.

ON pages 704-5 will be found particulars of our new Competition and the prize passages entitling the winners to add to their libraries. The Competition offers the widest scope for good taste and requires no dictionary to solve nerve-racking conundrums. Those who in the course of their everyday reading have culled "the harvest of a quiet eye" in some choice piece of prose have only to mark their pleasure by sending it to THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

Our Competition

Conservatives and the House of Lords

By Lt.-Col. Cuthbert Headlam, D.S.O., M.P.

THERE is no matter on which in principle Conservative opinion is more firmly united than on the necessity of having a Second Chamber with wider powers than those now possessed by the House of Lords. At almost every large gathering of the Party a resolution is carried advocating the repeal or the amendment of the Parliament Act, and speakers wax eloquent in emphasizing the dangers to the Constitution arising out of the inability of the Peers effectively to resist ill-considered or revolutionary legislation passed by the Commons. But although there is no doubt a keen anxiety among Conservatives to restore the balance of power between the two Houses of Parliament, there is, nevertheless, an acute divergence of opinion as to how this is to be done. There are a few unbending spirits who boldly advocate the repeal of the Parliament Act and the reinstatement of the House of Lords in the position that it occupied before 1911. There are others who, whilst equally anxious to have a strong Second Chamber, and fully recognizing the ability and sense of duty displayed by the Peers, yet feel that in this democratic age it is not practical politics to give back its old powers to an hereditary House of Lords. This section of the Party advocates either the complete abolition of the hereditary principle, and an elected Second Chamber, or the adoption of one or other of the numerous schemes of reform that have been devised to reduce the hereditary element in the existing House of Lords, and to make it reflect more clearly the changing currents of public opinion.

Finally, there are those who, considering that it would be unwise to tamper with the Parliament Act, or to change materially the existing constitution of the House of Lords, would be willing to accept the present state of

things, provided that some form of Referendum were adopted by which any Bill affecting the Constitution or the existing social system might be submitted to the direct judgment of the electors before it was passed into law against the wishes of the House of Lords.

It is obvious, in view of this divergence of opinion amongst its own supporters, that the position of the Government with regard to the Parliament Act and the House of Lords is no easy one. Neither in the Cabinet nor in the Party is there apparently any clear conception of the policy that should be adopted. There is a very distinct feeling that something must be done, whilst this Government is in power to readjust our constitutional machinery, and yet there is no unanimity of opinion as to what exactly the policy should be.* In these circumstances it is fairly safe to prophesy that nothing very sensational is likely to be proposed by the Government. And probably such a line of policy is the right one. Unless the Conservative Party as a whole—"Die Hards" and "Young Conservatives," and the level-headed men and women who form the backbone of the Party—can be brought to see that it is out of the question at the present time to restore the House of Lords to its old position so long as it contains any hereditary element, it is useless to attempt to give back its veto to the Second Chamber. If any such attempt were made, it is quite certain that the old cry of "the Peers against the People" would be raised, and, so conservative is the innate political instinct of the people of this country, that the electorate might easily be led to believe by Liberal and Labour orators that an attempt was being made, not to ensure the orderly development of democratic government, but to curtail the liberties of the democracy in the interests of a privileged class. Not until there has been some concrete

* In "Looking Ahead," the official statement of Unionist principles published in June, 1924, the following passage appears: "The Unionist Party holds unswervingly to the conviction that the existence of an effective Second Chamber is essential for the purpose of securing the revision of hastily prepared measures, and of safeguarding the considered judgment of the people. It recognizes that the establishment of an effective Second Chamber means a reconsideration of the composition and powers of the House of Lords in the light of modern conditions."

example of what may happen as the result of an all-powerful House of Commons, is there likely to be a decided and definite national call for a strong Second Chamber.

But because at the present moment it must be admitted that the country as a whole is not seriously interested in the position of the House of Lords, and is content to let matters rest as they are, there is no reason why the Party now in power, which is genuinely concerned as to the evils that may result by reason of the weakness of the control exercised by the Second Chamber, should not use its opportunity to remedy some of the worst defects of the Parliament Act.

Under the provisions of that Act the House of Lords may not amend, except with the consent of the other House, or reject a Bill which is certified by the Speaker of the House of Commons to be a Money Bill, nor can it withstand for more than two years any legislative measure which is sent up to it by the House of Commons, unless it is a Bill to extend the legal duration of Parliament. This means that the power which every Second Chamber should have to reject hasty and capricious legislation, so as to ensure that any important change in the law is in full conformity with the real will of the nation, is denied to the Second Chamber in this country. For all practical purposes, therefore, we are now living under a Single Chamber form of government, and it would be within the power of the House of Commons, if it so chose, within the space of two years, legally to abolish the Monarchy and the Houses of Parliament, and to set up the principle of Soviet Government, or any other form of rule for the time being in fashion amongst "advanced thinkers." It may, of course, be quite fairly argued that no such drastic change in our Constitution could be effected by any Government, unless there were a great and loudly-expressed popular demand for it, and that even then within the two years' grace allowed by the Parliament Act there would be ample time for the people to reconsider their judgment. But it may equally well be argued that a resolute and revolutionary Government, which had been placed in office after a general election with a large majority, might well stand its ground

and refuse again to consult the electorate until it had achieved its purpose.

Putting aside altogether, however, the likelihood of any such violent revolutionary change as the abolition of the Monarchy or of the House of Lords being openly carried out under the sanction of the Parliament Act, there is undoubtedly a serious danger of far-reaching changes gravely affecting the existing social system, and not really desired by the people of this country, being swiftly achieved by means of legislation over which the Second Chamber has absolutely no control. This was certainly not the intention of those who were mainly responsible for the framing of the Parliament Act, yet it may with reason be argued that some, at any rate, of the reforms advocated by the Socialist Party might be passed into law under the Act as it now stands within one session of Parliament. It is quite conceivable, for instance, that a scheme to tax land values, so onerous in its incidence as to entail the elimination of the land-owning class, might be so presented to the House of Commons that the Speaker would be perfectly justified in certifying the Bill as a Money Bill. Clearly then—if in this year of grace, 1926, it is really considered essential for the protection of the House of Commons against any infringement of its well-established privileges by the House of Lords that there should be a statutory assertion of its financial supremacy—some new definition of a Money Bill is required for the protection of the people of this country against the possible tyranny of a too-powerful House of Commons. This definition might be so framed that the authority responsible for the decision as to what was or was not a Money Bill should be distinctly instructed to examine into the purpose underlying the provisions of any Bill submitted to its consideration. Only a Bill the sole intention of which was to raise or to reduce revenue should be classed by the authority as a Money Bill, and any Bill the ulterior object of which was of a political nature, even if its actual provisions were entirely financial in character, should be treated as an ordinary measure open to amendment and rejection by the House of Lords. The substitution of a definition on these lines, in addition to making it impossible for any revolutionary legislation

to be slipped through Parliament in the guise of a Money Bill, would also render the task of the appointed authority much easier than it is at the present time under the Parliament Act. But, nevertheless, that authority should no longer be the Speaker of the House of Commons.

It is not fair or reasonable that what may often be a difficult and invidious decision should be left to a single individual.* It is not right that this great responsibility should be imposed upon the Speaker. A situation might easily arise in which his decision upon a Bill that has aroused acute political controversy might gravely impair his prestige and position in the House of Commons. He should on no account be dragged into the vortex of party politics. Nor is it fair to the House of Lords that a decision with regard to a matter which directly affects its legislative usefulness should be left to the accredited representative of the other House. In these circumstances it would appear that a small joint committee of the two Houses, appointed at the beginning of each Parliament, or possibly at the beginning of each session, with the Speaker as chairman, would constitute the most suitable authority for deciding what was, or was not, a Money Bill. There should, of course, be no appeal from the decision of such a body, just as now there is no appeal from that of the Speaker. In addition to these two amendments regarding Money Bills, which are of much greater importance than some people unfamiliar with Parliamentary practice might imagine, it would be advisable to add to the list of Bills that do not come within the scope of the Parliament Act. At present, as has already been pointed out in the course of this article, any Bill, except one affecting the duration of Parliament, can be submitted to His Majesty for the Royal Assent, after the lapse of a definite period of time, without the concurrence of the House of Lords. Now, although there is undoubtedly a large section of the community which

* It is true that under the Parliament Act the Speaker, before giving his certificate, is instructed "to consult, if practicable, two members to be appointed from the Chairman's Panel at the beginning of each Session by the Committee of Selection." But, nevertheless, the responsibility of the decision clearly rests with the Speaker.

feels that, until the House of Lords has been reformed and reconstituted on a more democratic basis, the Parliament Act should remain in force, the bulk of moderate opinion throughout the country is certainly agreed that no Bill should be allowed to become law merely because a temporary majority in the House of Commons—possibly representing only a minority of the electorate—so wishes. An amendment might be made, therefore, to the Parliament Act stating that no Bill which proposed to abolish the Monarchy, or still further to limit the rights, powers, and position of the Second Chamber, should be submitted to His Majesty for the Royal Assent without the consent of the House of Lords.

The insertion of such a provision in the Parliament Act would at once raise the important question as to whether or not it is essential for our political freedom that the will of the House of Commons with regard to any legislative proposal should prevail during the course of a single Parliament. That it should so prevail was the contention of the Liberal Party when the Parliament Act was under discussion, and presumably this is still the doctrine of the remnants of that party—so long, at any rate, as the House of Lords remains a purely hereditary assembly. It is probably also the doctrine of such Socialists as are prepared to tolerate the existence of any form of Second Chamber. The Conservative Party, on the other hand, holds firmly to the belief that one of the most important functions of the House of Lords should be to ensure that no important reform is made unless it is in full conformity with the will of the nation.* Conservatives, therefore, can never be expected to acquiesce in a system of government that enables constitutional changes to be brought about without the fully expressed approval of the people, and merely by the will of a temporary majority of the House of Commons. The views of

* Thus the House of Lords in 1909 did not actually reject Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, but expressed the view in Parliamentary form that it was not justified in giving its consent to a Bill which would bring about great changes until the measure had been submitted to the judgment of the country. After a General Election had shown that the people were in favour of the Bill, the Lords passed it. The action of the Lords both in rejecting the Bill, and also in passing it, was quite in accordance with constitutional practice.

the electorate with regard to any policy or measure can only be ascertained by means of a General Election or of a Referendum. The former is the established practice of the British Constitution; the latter, although it has been adopted with more or less success in certain of our Dominions, in some of the States in America, and on the Continent of Europe, is unknown and little understood in this country. The idea of transferring the actual decision upon any particular question from their representatives in Parliament to the electors themselves by means of a plebiscite is opposed to the whole tradition of our Parliamentary system, and might well make the remains of Edmund Burke turn in their grave. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that the adoption of some simple form of Referendum might provide a way out of our difficulties in the case of some particular measure with regard to which an absolute deadlock had been reached between the two Houses of Parliament.

Such a great change, however, in our constitutional practice ought not to be effected without a much fuller consideration of all that it entails than it has received up to the present time, nor should it be attempted until it has been submitted to the country at a General Election.

If the Government, during the course of this Parliament, will amend the Parliament Act on the lines laid down in this article, it is suggested that the principal dangers resulting from the admitted weakness of the House of Lords will have been removed. So long as no really revolutionary changes can be made within the lifetime of any one Parliament, Conservative anxiety, for the time being, at any rate, should be abated. But the reform of the House of Lords should still remain one of the principal items in the Party's programme, first, because it is evident that the House as it is now constituted is not sufficiently representative of public opinion, and secondly, because the longer we are left with a Second Chamber of this description the more difficult it will be to re-establish the equilibrium, and to apportion the work of Parliament between the two branches of the Legislature.

The Electricity (Supply) Bill, 1926

By W. B. Woodhouse

(*Past President, Institution of Electrical Engineers; Engineer and Manager, Yorkshire Electric Power Company*)

THE principal provisions of the Electricity (Supply) Bill are to establish a new body of Government officials, the Central Electricity Board, and to authorize them, subject to certain restrictions, to supply electricity in the whole of the country, to expend large sums on transmission lines and power stations, to control in detail the working of all the principal stations and the authorized suppliers of electricity, and in some cases to compete with those they control.

The capital expenditure necessary for a beginning, to the amount of thirty-three-and-a-half million pounds, is to be guaranteed by the Treasury; the expenses of the Board and any losses on trading are to be charged to the industry they control; neither Parliament nor the industry is to have any authority over these expenses.

The Board will be subject, in practically all their actions, to the direction of the Electricity Commissioners and will be in effect the executive officials of the Commissioners.

As the Bill, on the face of it, introduces State trading, duality of control of trading undertakings, compulsory expropriation, and serious interference with private enterprise, the question of its necessity naturally arises. Its *raison d'être*, as stated by the Prime Minister, is the desire to spread the use of electricity by reducing its cost; an object which enlists general sympathy, and in particular that of those already engaged in the industry. The method proposed is, however, open to the most serious criticism.

Since 1919, when the fever of post-war reconstruction reached its crisis, the electricity supply industry has been harried and hampered by repeated legislative interference.

The pre-war method of Government control of such public utilities as gas and electricity was changed as regards the latter in 1919 by the appointment of a body of Electricity Commissioners whose duty it is to promote, regulate, and supervise its supply in this country.

The Electricity Commissioners, who are invested with judicial powers, are also required to encourage the development of a cheap and abundant supply of electricity, and in the interests of economical generation may veto the establishment of any new, or the extension of any existing, power station, if they consider it uneconomical.

They have done a great deal of work in relation to the granting and readjustment of distributing powers, and in particular have arrived at a solution of the London electricity supply problem, which permits the distributing companies, who were stagnating under the shadow of an early expropriation by the County Council, to proceed with active development under a secure tenure for another forty years.

The total amount of generating plant in the public supply stations is, as stated in the report of Lord Weir's Committee, 3,000,000 kilowatts; the amount authorized by the Commissioners up to March, 1925, is over 2,000,000 kilowatts. It is obvious, therefore, that the Commissioners' decisions have affected a substantial part of the machinery now in use, and that economical generation is proceeding on proper lines.

It is true that there are in operation a large number of small generating stations, but they are being superseded as it becomes commercially justifiable to do so; not only have some fifty-four small stations been superseded, and twenty-one partly so, during the last five years, but, of greater importance still, large new areas are being supplied from existing stations, thus intensifying the process. Half the total output of electricity is now generated in twenty-eight stations, and at the present rate of progress the bulk of it will be similarly generated in a few years.

As to the numerous smaller stations, their continued existence is due to economic conditions in the large majority of cases and, as the advantages of bulk supply increase, many of them will cease to exist. There must

be, however, for many years justification for a number of them in sparsely populated districts. Their relatively small effect on fuel economy may be realized from the statement that some 322 of them only produce 11 per cent. of the total amount of electricity.

Fuel economy was the primary object of electrical legislation in 1919, but as time went on the industry attracted the attention of all political parties on other grounds. Mr. Lloyd George, coupling the two industries, outlined in "Coal and Power" certain proposals for the reorganization of both.

In 1924 Mr. Philip Snowden outlined the legislative proposals of the Socialist Government for further powers of compulsion over the electricity industry with the avowed object of providing employment; the scheme included the compulsory standardization of alternating current frequency and the granting of financial assistance for the construction of transmission lines and rural distribution, and generally tended to the nationalization of the industry.

It was left for Mr. Baldwin's Government, whilst professing abhorrence of nationalization and adherence to the Conservative faith in private enterprise, to present to an unsuspecting world a scheme which differed only from that of Mr. Lloyd George by its closer approximation to that of Mr. Snowden.

The justification for this new measure is stated to be found in the report of Lord Weir's Committee on the supply of electrical energy, and reference to that report is of interest.

First, it may be said that the report tells us nothing new as to the methods of producing electricity. The principles underlying cheap production were understood some twenty-six years ago, when Parliament granted to the power companies wide areas of supply in industrial and rural districts. Since then development has taken place on commercial lines, so that to-day the principal power companies are supplying one quarter of the national total at an average price of nine-tenths of a penny a unit. (Lord Weir's scheme, it may be noted in passing, is to produce an average price of one penny a unit in the whole country in 1940.)

The industry is progressive; the annual rate of increase according to the Weir report is 19 per cent.—a striking figure in a period of bad trade. But it is said that this progress is not sufficient, and comparisons are made with other countries to show how backward we are. For example, the annual use of electricity per person in California is stated to be 1,200 units; in this country only 200. How shocking this seems until one hears that California's electricity is very largely used for irrigation in a land where coal is not only dear, but in many places unobtainable. In Chicago again, consumption of 1,000 units a head is obtained; in Manchester only 240. Yet in Manchester and many other parts of this country electricity for domestic purposes is cheaper than in Chicago. In Sweden 500 units a head are quoted, but without the qualification that, from the State statistics, the use in agricultural districts is only twenty units a head, and that the large part of the power is used for processes special to the country. And similarly in the other cases quoted in the report, the circumstances are not fairly comparable.

The reason for the difference of use in different countries lies deeper than a matter of price; the climate, the habits, and the purchasing power of the people all have their influence, but most important of all is the existence in this country of cheap coal and of a cheap and general supply of gas, as to the existence of which the report is curiously silent, though it is undoubtedly the principal reason.

Were, indeed, some other reason sought for the relative use of electricity in America and this country, it might justly be found in the restrictive legislation from which private enterprise has suffered in this country, and which it is now proposed to increase.

STANDARDIZATION OF FREQUENCY

The standardization of frequency is a process which is proceeding as justification is found for it. It is not regarded as essential in other countries; in New York, for examp e, two frequencies are in use in the same town, and extensions to both systems are being made. In this country we are not so unfavourably placed, in that the non-standard systems, such as Clyde Valley and Glasgow,

the North-East coast and Birmingham, are sufficiently large and independent to justify their continuation. The Socialist Government were, in 1924, prepared to effect the standardization by means of a subsidy. The Weir report states definitely that "the entire cost must be borne by the State, if the change is to be made within a reasonable period, any long-drawn-out scheme would fritter away the ultimate economies." Yet though no subsidy is now to be given, the change is to be made compulsory, if the Board so decide. The Weir report estimates the cost of standardization at 8½ million pounds, a figure which has already been challenged as quite insufficient. Shortly, the scheme of standardization is commercially impracticable, yet it is one of the principal objects of the Bill.

CONTROL OF GENERATION

The control of generating stations is expected to produce economies of capital expenditure and a saving in the cost of operation (principally coal).

The reduction of capital expenditure which the scheme is expected to bring about is not immediately apparent, as the first step is to expend a minimum of £25,000,000 on the so-called "gridiron" of transmission mains. The expenditure is to be justified by a reduction of the amount of stand-by machinery required in the various stations, which the Weir report states will be reduced from 68 per cent. of that required for the maximum load to 20 per cent. Such machinery is required, because there is no storage of electricity, and security calls for reserve machinery for use in case of breakdown. The saving of generating plant which the Weir Committee anticipate is, however, illusory. The present figure of 68 per cent. is in excess of actual needs because of trade depression; it will be reduced automatically, as business grows. Moreover, the stand-by plant is largely the older and less efficient machinery on which capital was spent in the past, and which has been relegated to reserve because of the introduction of the newer and more efficient.

That this process of improvement will continue it is not unreasonable to suppose when it is remembered that, although our generating stations are twice as efficient as

they were fifteen years ago, yet the best stations of to-day utilize only one-fifth of the heat value of the coal. In short, the 68 per cent. of stand-by machinery is too high, and the 20 per cent. too low, and it would probably be fair to say that the saving of generating plant by a complete national interconnection of generating stations would be less than the cost of the necessary mains, and that any economy under this head will be deferred for many years. Interconnection of stations is being practised where it is found economical, but economy calls for a step by step development; an immediate large expenditure must increase the cost of electricity.

The second economy foreshadowed is a saving in the cost of coal.

This again must be a gradual process, as it is cheaper to continue to use existing machinery, of which there is a surplus, than to install new. The most economical type of generating machinery in use to-day is the steam turbine, a product of British invention and design, and the large British power stations are amongst the most efficient in the world. The coal used to generate a unit of electricity in a modern power station costs approximately one-eighth of a penny. As electric light delivered to the customer in a rural district costs from sixpence to one shilling, it is obvious that economies in distribution are much more important.

The possibility of any substantial improvement depends on the scientific progress yet to be made, and it must come, when it does, by some radical alteration of our methods of producing electricity. The importance of coal distillation and of the home production of oil fuel is leading to active and widespread research which may at any time result in a great step forward in the use of coal. The interconnection of stations and concentration of generating plant in large units in a moderate number of them show admittedly the tendency of present development, but to force this beyond its economic rate by the expenditure of large sums on transmission mains may not only increase the cost of electricity, but also stereotype methods and ultimately hinder progress.

Apart, however, from the loss of initiative consequent on a State control of generation, the method of working

which the Bill proposes is impracticable. The nominal owners of the selected stations are to operate them according to the instructions of the Board, sell all the output to the Board, and buy back again what they want for their own customers at a price fixed by a formula which includes the expenses and losses of the Board. The owners must work the stations according to directions, alter or extend the stations according to directions; in fact, become the servants of the Board. The penalty for refusal is compulsory expropriation by the State.

THE "GRID-IRON"

And what can be said of the scheme of transmission lines which the Weir Report describes as a "grid-iron"? It is to cover the country by overhead lines with two avowed objects; the transfer of power from one industrial area to another, and the supply to intervening agricultural districts. An inspection of a map will show that transmission lines between the principal industrial areas will not affect many large agricultural areas; but in any event such high-pressure lines as there must be cannot be "tapped" economically to supply small users, and the farmer in England, as in other countries, will find that the near proximity of a high pressure line will not necessarily provide electric light for his hen-roost. The supply of electricity in rural districts is already developing in other ways, and can without the "grid-iron" be still further extended.

The justification, if any, for the "grid-iron" is the interconnection of stations within industrial areas, a process which is going on year by year as the need arises; the assumption that, because interconnection is justifiable on a limited scale, it must be so on an extended scale is a fallacy. There are economical limits beyond which it is cheaper to install generating plant and carry coal to it, rather than to establish high-pressure lines which are not directly productive, and may be a source of danger and disturbance.

A general review of the scheme leads, then, to these conclusions:

Standardization of frequency is commercially impracticable without a large State subsidy.

Cheaper generation will not necessarily mean cheaper supply, if it involves expensive transmission and administration.

The dual control of generating stations is impracticable, and will result in retarding progress and in loss of initiative and efficiency.

The scheme is unnecessary in all the industrial areas; its development in agricultural districts must be at the expense of the towns and of the industrial users.

The fulfilment of the scheme will occupy many years; its ultimate benefit, if any, is likely to be small, whilst its immediate effect will be to check development. Underlying it is the endeavour to impose further detailed bureaucratic control on an industry which, by its nature, is in a rapid state of development and change.

Whether in Committee it is possible for the House of Commons to amend the Bill to meet these objections remains to be seen. To those engaged in the difficult task it will no doubt occur that the present duality of the Commissioners' functions, judicial and executive, might with advantage be modified, that the Board, if set up, should be solely judicial, and that the Commissioners should be left to the duties of regulating the industry for which they are so well fitted. The State trading powers which the Bill provides should be struck out, or the Bill so amended that private enterprise should be expropriated on fair terms before being subject to competition with the State; in either case this would remove duality of control.

Finally, as to the development of electricity, this may be said with confidence, that an inquiry before a properly constituted tribunal would show that there is no lack of bodies willing and able to undertake such work under reasonable conditions, and that those engaged in the industry will, if called upon, be ready with proposals to this end.

The Coal Crisis

By Samuel Neil

(A Northumbrian Miner)

MINERS' wages are the largest item in the cost of production of coal, and with this item undergoing great changes during trade depression, the miners, aware that other items are comparatively stationary, imagine that the whole burden of this falls on them. By the time they have to bear the full force of the depression profits have disappeared, and they conveniently forget that profits have thus already contributed their full quota to the relief of the industry. But royalties, not having increased during trade booms, remain stationary during depressions, and then a loud cry is uttered at the large sums received by the class who contribute in no way to the production of coal. No mention is made by the agitators of the large sums paid to the State by royalty owners, or of the injury to their property by the working of coal. They equally overlook the fact that the miners are really surrendering much of the gains acquired during the trade boom, and that, if the gains and losses were duly appreciated, it would be apparent that for a lengthy period, including several booms and depressions, the average wage and standard of living were fairly high. The fullest use is made by the agitators of the fact that the miners, while retaining a vivid recollection of everything that favours their claims, conveniently forget everything that weakens them.

It is due to these variations in wages and costs that the industry possesses sufficient elasticity to survive the several depressions of trade. Wages and costs must fall as prices move downwards to meet the competition which is steadily becoming more severe; demand in course of time taking an upward turn and prosperity returning to the industry. Unless relief were afforded in this way—if the downward course of wages and prices were checked when depressions set in—there could be no recovery, and

the trade would be ruined. Miners will not believe that their policy of rigid resistance to wage reduction would deprive them of the means of living.

When miners were agitating, a few decades ago, for the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to householders in the counties, they spoke bitterly of the selfishness shown by the governing classes of that day. It was so unpatriotic to use this power for purely selfish ends; so much against the principles of fair play to tax the food in the interests of the rich. A new and healthy policy was to come into operation with the advent of the workers to power, the Legislature being concerned with the interest of the community instead of the interest of a class. But the policy of the men in the sheltered industries, the selfish gains of the operatives in the building industry, and now the claims of the mining industry show that the newly enfranchised classes are ready and willing to pursue the policy of the old aristocracy. The broadening of liberty has, therefore, merely imposed one kind of tyranny upon another, and although it may not promote the spread of a higher political morality to remind the workers of their broken promises and declarations of high principles, it is well to keep the fact in the public mind that they are as ready to use political power for the acquisition of high wages and easy working conditions as any class could be to serve its own interests. Not only is the cost of living raised to the poor by this policy, but many competent men are excluded from skilled industries who would help to make good the house shortage, and who are compelled to accept inferior work at low rates in order that the so-called skilled men may have high wages and easy work. Regard for the interest of other classes plays no part in the policy of trade unionists, workmen not only being deprived of work, but being, in many cases, unable to obtain houses to live in. Because houses are so scarce, rents are high. The cost of living is increased through the increase of municipal rates, manufacturers and retailers having to adjust prices so that income will equal expenditure. That causes trade to contract, and unemployment to increase.

Working-men seem not to be aware that for offences of this kind there is a Nemesis, certain and inexorable.

The steel houses will punish the builders as surely as Hamlet punished the murderer of his father, and a similar fate will come upon the man in the sheltered trades, and ultimately upon the miners. The miners themselves are finding that their industry is injured by the high cost of railway carriage, and when these costs have been brought down there will be a surplus of railway workers who will warn the miners of the fate that will come upon them for forcing up wages and cost of production. When the miners speak of their hardships, the domestic consumer, pointing to his high coal bill, will ask who caused such a burden to be imposed upon him. The present crisis suggests the fate that will overtake the miners as a result of the policy now being pursued. The large Labour bodies said to be allied with them in the present dispute and willing to join in a sympathetic strike are now manifesting a pacific disposition. These bodies have not the sinews of war, having used up their financial resources in relieving their members from the results of trade depression, and consequently are not in a position to engage in a great strike. The miners themselves are in a similar position, their hopes of success depending on the effect on general industries of a stoppage by the allied bodies.

Some large Labour bodies have deliberately refrained from joining in the alliance the miners tried to form and boasted so much about. The fact is that the unions are learning something of the interdependence of trade and the effect of the connection between wage rates in one industry and the state of trade in others. When coal prices are very high, the iron, steel, and kindred trades must suffer severely, and the men who help the miners to raise wages must be aware that they are injuring the industries by which they live. A powerful force, however, will operate for some time in the opposite direction. Workmen have always supported the doctrine of high wages, assuming that an advance in one industry was the beginning of an all-round advance. They express this idea by saying that a reduction of miners' wages means an all-round reduction, and that general wage rates are being maintained by a successful resistance to the coal-owners' demands. It follows that support given in an effort to raise wages would be equally beneficial

from the general point of view and would demand the same sacrifice from the general body. Workmen, therefore, cannot support any movement for a wage reduction lowering their own costs of production, even though they are aware that such a reduction would stimulate their own trade. The case of the sheltered trades has provided two important lessons. One is that wages in the absence of competing forces are easily raised, especially when the extra burden can be promptly put on the consumer. The second is that such wage advances do not facilitate the upward movement of wages in other trades. The high wages in the sheltered trades are causing unrest among the men in other trades. But the severe depression generally existing prevents the employers from making any concessions. A great conflict seems to be impending in the engineering industries through the workmen, moved by the example of the sheltered industries, demanding a wage advance on the strength of a rise of prices which, the employers declare, has not occurred. The present position is not likely to strengthen the workmen's belief in the stimulating influence of high wages in one industry on the rates in others, or to impel them to strive for a wage advance on the rates during trade depression.

Miners do not realize the extent to which their efforts to retain the high wages of wartime are discounted by the reduction of working time effected during the war. They worked an hour a day less, which involved such a reduction of output that an advance of more than 14 per cent. was given to compensate for the wage loss. That advance is still added to the cost of production, and will almost certainly be added if the eight-hour working day be re-established. In that case the miners will have the 14 per cent. plus the gains accruing from the increased output due to the longer working time, a double advance, which should induce them to negotiate for peace. The reasons, however, which led to a shortening of the working day have lost much of their force. It was assumed that the desire for mental improvement was so widespread and strong that with an increase of leisure time secondary schools and evening classes would be crammed with children eager to imbibe the knowledge thus placed within reach. There was no thought of the children seeking to

improve their industrial efficiency in the industry within reach; they were all to join the professional classes and leave old habits far behind. There would be no one but intellectuals and superior persons in the country at that rate, no one to dig coals, build houses, or plough land. The reality is very different from the dreams. Leisure time is taken up in attending football contests and discussing at street corners and in public-houses the merits of well-known players. Horse-racing competes with football, and after that, attention is given to the merits of well-known Labour leaders and the policies which they represent. It is here that a reduction of output is favoured as a remedy for low wages and unemployment, and that a stoppage of work is mentioned as a sure means of impressing employers with the power of trade unions. It may be said that the spread of these unsound doctrines has been contemporaneous with the increase of leisure time, and that a large sum of money is spent every year for an education that can serve no useful purpose. We should obtain equally good results if we educated children for the trades in which their parents earned a living, for that is the fate which awaits the great bulk of them.

It is singular that men should be idle when so much work is awaiting their labour which would cheapen production, while the children would live useful and happy lives, putting their hands to a proper use. They could qualify at the same time for work that required a higher training and provided a higher remuneration. There is nothing impossible about this when children are impressed with the need of learning to earn a living, and when they are acting under the right sort of stimulant.

The engineers are one of the units of the alliance that is expected to take the side of the miners in the impending struggle, but as they are involved in a dispute over a wage question, they are expecting by this means to bring the miners over to their side when the fight occurs. That is the only gain they can hope for in this action, for they have as much to lose as anybody, depending on cheap coal, by helping to raise the miners' wages. On the question now at issue in the coal trade the engineers' interests are on the side of the coal-owners, for that is the way to the cheapness which would stimulate their industry. Even

the wage advances which affect the thoughts and actions of workmen so much are not now recognized as pure gains to Labour, for a rise, say, of miners' wages, affects the cost of living, thus depressing the position of all the workers not participating in the advance. Workmen, therefore, before adopting a course of action on a question of wages directly affecting another body, must ascertain the bearing of the dispute on their own interests, and if these would suffer through the success of an agitation for a wage advance, the demand should be opposed. This is a development which must occur in time, and it will change the character and policy of trade unions. But the thing to be noted just now is the indication of a break-down in the policy of forcing up wages with the result of increasing the cost of living.

It does not seem possible that there can be a unanimous opinion among the miners in favour of a conflict. The talk of international unity and the Trade Union movement being behind the miner is all intended to maintain the show of a fighting spirit, but diversities of opinion must appear as soon as negotiations fail. One body of miners will demand complete autonomy in the determination of action; another will insist, perhaps, on the question being put to the trial, in order that the real state of opinion may be disclosed; while a third may want the districts in which the militant feeling is strong to down tools in order to stimulate the militant spirit in the whole body. If things should come to such a pass, the main sentiment in the miners' minds would be the fear of a break-up of their union. This fear will add to the weight of the moderate opinion, which, in any case, will play a great part in the dispute. The greatest trouble is experienced by the non-unionists in the industry, but if the employers took their side the unions would speedily collapse, and bring a new lot of difficulties into existence. Stoppages of a sudden and generally a sectional nature would frequently occur, causing more trouble than trade unions now cause. It pays the employer to maintain the unions, which, when peace is agreed to, bring the whole of the workmen within the operation of that agreement. The unions, therefore, though in former days a fruitful source of trouble, are

now actually instruments of peace, not only preventing local stoppages, but also keeping the best of the men at the collieries, and training them to duties that become more and more complex. The maintenance of the unions is, however, not an object for which the employers would make an unlimited sacrifice. If the powers of the extremists increase, their activities will assume a wider scope and become even more mischievous.

The miners should be made to understand that the wages they are now asked to give up were given to them by the boom caused by the war, and that, as they are losing what they previously gained, they will probably regain during the next turn what they are now likely to lose. Besides regaining the lost money they will have brought prosperity to their trade, which is a much greater boon than a wage advance. Such trade fluctuations are as certain in the future as they have been in the past, but the present position is in the miners' favour, inasmuch as trade is now showing unmistakable signs of reviving, and the revival should exceed all that have come before in intensity and duration. By exercising patience the miners will reap from this trade expansion sufficient benefit to raise wages and the standard of living to a high level, and to maintain peace in the miners' minds and comfort in their homes for a long time.

Morocco: The War in the Rif

By Walter B. Harris

For several centuries a state of intermittent war has existed between the Spaniards and the Rif tribes, due to the possession by Spain of certain points and islands on the Rif coast, but it was not till the spring of 1925 that the French, in occupying the northern districts of their Protectorate, came into touch with the hardy tribesmen. For a long period confined to their small "Presidios," it was only by the Franco-Spanish treaty of 1912 that the Spaniards obtained facilities for expansion by the recognition of a Spanish sphere of influence in North Morocco, which this treaty delimited. It left the Spaniards free to extend their occupation over the Rif under what amounted to a mandate. The Great War facilitated Spain's task, for from 1914 to 1918 these regions were sedulously exploited by the Germans as a base of propaganda and of action against the French in Morocco. This enemy programme, although it met with no permanent success, was sufficiently carried out to cause considerable anxiety in the French Protectorate, and to necessitate precautions against a series of attacks prepared in the security of the Spanish zone. Thus occupied, the Rifis remained largely indifferent to the Spanish advance into their own territories. But in 1919 the tribes awoke to the more imminent danger. The Great War was over, the Germans had left, and the Rifis turned their attention to the Spaniards. So threatening became the situation that in 1919 General Berenguer, the Spanish High Commissioner, was forced to undertake a campaign against the Jibala tribesmen which eventually led, in the autumn of the following year, to the occupation of the town of Sheshuan. Farther east the Spaniards continued their advance into the Rif, and in the spring of 1921 the occupation of the country surrounding the important Bay of Alhucemas was considered practicable by an advance from the direction of Melilla. It was realized that formidable resistance might be met with,

for it was in this region of the Beni Ouriaghel that Abd-el Krim had for the last two years been urging the tribesmen to arrest the Spanish advance. Himself the son of a Beni Ouriaghel chief, Abd-el Krim had been for several years in Spanish employ in Melilla, but had, after a quarrel with the Spanish authorities, returned to his mountains and raised the standard of revolt. It was on the borders of this district that in July 1921 the Spaniards met with disaster. The military post of Anual was attacked and captured by the Rifis. General Silvestre, who was inspecting the front lines at that moment, committed suicide, and panic spread through the whole Spanish army. The tribesmen, arming themselves with the rifles they seized as post after post fell, swept on, meeting with only the slightest resistance, and in the course of a few days the whole Spanish army was annihilated. At Nador, Seluan, and Monte Arruit the Spanish garrisons surrendered and were massacred with horrible barbarity. The Rifis arrived in the outskirts of Melilla, but refrained from entering the town. Had they done so, they would have found it totally unprotected, and the civil population of fifty thousand persons would have been at their mercy. As it was, the disaster was overwhelming. All that the Spaniards had accomplished in this region was wiped out. Of an army of 19,000 men in the field, at least 16,000 were killed. The effect in Spain was one of stupor.

It was at this juncture that Abd-el Krim took supreme command of the Rifi forces, and his influence over the surrounding tribes increased daily. While maintaining an attitude of independence he entered into relations with the Spaniards, and after two years of alternate negotiations and hostilities he restored, in return for a ransom of about £150,000, the little band of Spanish prisoners who still remained alive. This new success increased his prestige, and in the name of an autonomous local government he proclaimed the independence of the Rif as a Sovereign State. A vast trade in contraband in arms flourished with Europe, and Abd-el Krim, utilizing the artillery and vast material he had captured from the Spaniards, declared war on Spain.

In Madrid the Constitutional Government had become

a Directorate under General Primo de Rivera in September 1923, and the first act of the President was to inaugurate a new policy in Morocco. The ever-increasing success that Abd-el Krim's cause had met with amongst the tribes had rendered the maintenance of the Spanish lines of small outlying posts extremely difficult and fraught with danger. Heavy losses were entailed in the provisioning of these posts, and often they were entirely cut off. Primo de Rivera decided to withdraw the whole of the Spanish forces back behind a line running from a little to the south of Tetuan westward to the frontier of the Tangier zone, and thence southward, parallel to the Atlantic, to near Alcazar, and on to the French Protectorate frontier. This withdrawal Primo de Rivera carried out with considerable skill, but not without very heavy losses, and the Spanish casualties in the evacuation of the Wad Lau, of Sheshuan, and of the posts on the west side probably amounted to nearly 20,000. It was a frank policy of abandonment, and necessitated great moral courage and unceasing labour. By the end of 1924 this ungrateful, but wise, task was accomplished.

The Shereef Raisuli, ex-brigand and religious chief, remained the paramount figure in the districts that Spain had evacuated. He was ill and bedridden, but had not lost his force of character, nor his love of cruelty. Deprived of the aid of Spain—for for some time past he had been an ally—his prestige was difficult to maintain. He could no longer appear in public, and his extortions had rendered him unpopular. Abd-el Krim was not slow to take advantage of this situation, and gained over to his cause not a few of Raisuli's adherents. His stronghold surrounded by a force of Rifis and Jibala tribesmen, Raisuli capitulated in January 1925, and was, in spite of his illness, carried off a prisoner to the Rif. He died a month of two later at Ajdir, Abd-el Krim's headquarters, leaving the entire Jibala country to fall under the now undisputed influence of his rival.

The Rifi leader now found himself in command, not only of his own tribesmen, but also of the entire mountain *bloc* that reaches from the southern shore of the Straits of Gibraltar to the borders of the French Protectorate, and extends almost to Algeria. It was only by placing

strong guards all along the Tangier-Tetuan road, and by the construction along its total length of a series of block-houses, that the Spaniards were able to maintain traffic between these two towns, and that often with difficulty.

The withdrawal of the Spanish forces in 1924 back to the Primo de Rivera line not only largely increased Abd-el Krim's jurisdiction but also put into his possession a vast quantity of war material. He had not only captured military posts with all their contents, but the Spaniards had, when they were able to withdraw, been forced to leave much behind them, and even on occasions to bargain for the liberty of their men by offering arms and ammunition in exchange. To this provision of war material must be added the artillery and arms that the Rifis had captured after the disaster of Anual, and it will be clearly apparent that the Rifis, assisted by the natural features of their country, and aided by their own indomitable spirit, were in a position to defend their inhospitable mountains from invasion. A certain number of European adventurers flocked to the Rif, intent upon a lucrative trade in contraband of arms or in search of mining concessions. It is not easy to discover how great, or how small, a part these people have played in this Rif question, but in all probability, although Abd-el Krim used some of them, no doubt, as technical instructors for his troops, none of them have had any real influence on Rifian politics. Encouragement and a little financial aid he may have had, and facilities for obtaining arms and ammunition, but little else, and there is evidence that Abd-el Krim himself has never been either the agent or the tool of foreigners, or even the dupe of any foreign organization. His own ability and his great influence over the tribes suffice to explain the position he acquired.

The year 1925 saw a vast extension in the campaign. Raisuli, always a danger to the Rifi cause, had disappeared from the scene, and Abd-el Krim's influence was now fully consolidated. In April he invaded the French Protectorate, his Rifi forces overrunning the Wergha valley and other rich districts to the north of the Fez-Taza road. The French troops were driven back almost to the former city—the northern capital of Morocco. Post after post was evacuated or taken, and artillery and important

stocks of arms and ammunition and stores fell into the Rifis' hands. Their attacks increased in volume and in force during the summer months. Wazzan, Taza—Fez itself—were threatened, and at one moment it looked as though a general rising might be expected throughout the northern tribes. The French troops, numerically insufficient and wanting in mobility and training, put up an heroic fight. The seriousness of the situation was realized in Paris, but there had been an unnecessary and inexplicable delay in furnishing the troops required. All through the summer there was almost incessant fighting, and the French losses were heavy. The astonishing mobility of the Rifis, impeded as they were by no material except for a few captured guns, rendered the French defence extremely difficult. Bands of tribesmen penetrated the French lines in small groups, to reunite far in the rear, cutting communications, and looting and massacring the tribesmen who had remained loyal to France. These bands disappeared with the same rapidity as they collected, and often the French artillery bombarded for hours positions which had already been secretly evacuated, and the enemy, who were believed to be still in the trenches, would suddenly attack in a new and totally unexpected direction. The French forces, now numbering over 160,000 men under the command of Maréchal Petain, fought in the manner of European warfare against an enemy that was as intangible as it was invisible. Yet in spite of these obstacles an advance was successfully made, and the territory ceded at the beginning of the campaign was fully reoccupied before the autumn. It was no easy warfare, convoys were perpetually attacked—the roads were few and soon, owing to the heavy traffic, became impracticable, while the health of the troops left much to be desired. The Rifi raids, carried far behind the lines, were both embarrassing and demoralizing. Peaceful farms were burnt and a few French colonists and many natives rendered homeless. Reinforcements in large numbers had arrived from France, but seemed scarcely sufficient to obtain a decisive victory.

Meanwhile the French and Spanish Governments, recognizing the common danger and realizing the necessity for combined action, called a conference at Madrid.

The arrangement there drawn up included, not only a common programme, but also the terms that the two Governments were prepared to offer to Abd-el Krim. These terms were generous, and recognized the administrative and financial independence of the Rif, but insisted upon the maintenance of all existing treaties. Abd-el Krim refused to consider these proposals, though he might have been more inclined to accept them had they been put before him more directly and in a manner that did not injure his somewhat exaggerated *amour propre*.

A part of the programme drawn up at Madrid for combined action was the disembarkation of Spanish troops in Alhucemas Bay, and an attack upon Abd-el Krim's headquarters at Ajdir, a few miles inland. This disembarkation, under General Primo de Rivera's personal command, was successfully accomplished on September 8 (1925), eighteen thousand Spanish troops being landed on that and subsequent days. Abd-el Krim's prestige was certainly injured by this Spanish success, but it does not seem to have had the full moral force that was confidently expected. He and his Rifis retired inland, leaving only a few guns, which the Spaniards captured, nor since the disembarkation have they ceased their constant attacks upon the Spanish camps and their sniping at nights. As if in revenge for this Spanish move the Rifis have mounted four guns on the rocky hilltops overlooking Tetuan, the capital of the Spanish zone, and since the end of September they have kept up a desultory bombardment of the town. Not much loss of life has been caused or damage inflicted, but the effect upon the civilian population has been demoralizing. In December this bombardment was being still continued, the Spaniards considering that an expedition to silence these guns, situated over 2,000 feet up a precipitous mountain slope, would cost too dearly in casualties to be undertaken.

The winter rains which had begun in October had put an end to any serious movements on the French front, the troops suffering much from the cold, the wet, and the mud. By November they had been installed in winter quarters, awaiting the coming of spring to begin all over again their campaign against the Rifis.

Travel in New Zealand

Off the Beaten Track in the North Island

By Jouan E. F. Jenks

GETTING from place to place in New Zealand is not always an undertaking to be lightly entered upon. It may be something of an adventure, more especially when one is penetrating the partially-developed hinterland of the North Island, though the spice of danger has largely departed and the traveller's worst foes are the sleepy guard who waves a lamp in his face at 2 a.m. and the lady who delays the service-car while she contrives eleventh-hour shopping. The Maori brave no longer carries a sharp-edged "mere," though he can do great execution with a bag of peanuts.

By comparison with its size and population, the North Island is well endowed with railways, but here let us abandon the iron road of civilization, and venture forth in one of the service-cars that connect it with more distant points. Though the home-made bus is now fairly common wherever the roads and the traffic warrant its use, the commonest successor to the stage-coach of former days is a touring-car of American make, and types range from the battered but agile Ford to the high-powered Hudson or Cadillac. It is significant that these cars are seldom seen unhooded, and that chains, shovel, and axe usually form a part of their regular equipment. On a busy day, the loading of a service-car is quite an art: in addition to seven or eight passengers, and possibly a dog or two, there will be any quantity of baggage in the big canvas bags strapped on either side for the length of the footboards; if no other room can be found for them, the mail-bags are lashed by their necks to the radiator-cap and draped gracefully over the bonnet and mudguards. But the work of the resourceful and hard-working driver does not end with the loading of his car, nor with the piloting of it over breakneck hills, round hair-pin bends, and through sloughs of mud; he will have close at his hand bundles of letters and newspapers, and innumerable parcels for distribution among the tin mailboxes and wooden packing-case receptacles along his route—letters for one, bread and a horse-collar for another, meat for a third,

a private mail-bag for a fourth, often to the tune of a hundred or more calls.

It is possible to travel nearly 200 miles in the day by some of these routes, and there are many scheduled daily runs of 100 miles or more.

With the country roads in many parts still unmetalled and in a very primitive state, motoring during the winter months is by no means devoid of adventure and frequent delays. In some cases the old horse-coach is still in use, not the smart and glittering turnout that the Londoner sees trotting down to Richmond in the summer, but a loose-jointed, semi-sprung, canvas-roofed wagonette drawn by four or five lean and wiry little horses through or over obstacles that defy modern means of locomotion. A coach-journey on a sharp, frosty morning, or in drenching, squally weather results in an acute struggle between romance and discomfort.

But there are settlers and even tiny townships beyond the reach of wheels of any sort, where the saddle-hack and pack-horse are the only recognized means of land transport. The back-blocks possess what is surely one of the hardiest strains of the equine race existing. Bred for the most part in haphazard fashion by the Maoris, they are as rough in the coat as they are in their paces, seldom shapely in form, and almost invariably hard in the mouth. These little beasts will carry a load thirty or forty miles a day over the roughest of going, and sleep in the open on a scanty supper of wet grass. Seldom shod and totally unacquainted with hard feed, they are a marvel of endurance. Some of the settlers do possess hacks of good breeding, but for travelling all day by precipitous paths, up and down hillsides, where the "weight-carrying goat," referred to by the well-known Irish authoress, would be hard put to it to keep his feet, the underbred "weed" is hard to beat.

Pedestrians are rare in the New Zealand back-blocks. The drover rides behind his mob, the children ride to school, the settler and his family ride till their roads or finances permit of a car: even the thriftless, care-free Maori rides. Field-paths are seldom met with, and the rough roadside is dedicated to travelling live-stock. Distances are often considerable, and horses cheap.

Not all travelling is done by land. Though the

coastal steamers have lost a good deal of traffic through the development of railways and roads, there are some well-patronized services, and the somewhat limited accommodation is comfortable enough for a single night. The coast has not the best of reputations, but mishaps are rare, and many people prefer the risk of a rough passage to the certainty of a long and tedious overland journey. From Auckland there are regular steamers to Russell, Whangarei, Dargaville (via Helensville), New Plymouth (via Orchunga), Tauranga, Thames, and Gisborne; from Wellington to various South Island ports. Besides these there are many smaller vessels and motor launches working short trips up the coast, or up the various harbours and inlets that characterize the western shores of the North Island, while several rivers, such as the Northern Wairoa, Waikato, and Wanganui are navigable for many miles. River steamers and launches supplement the rail and road transport of cream to the factories where the now well-known butter is produced.

Accommodation varies greatly, as it does in all countries. On routes frequented by tourists and the more or less affluent, both transport services and hotels are comparatively good, though never palatial. Although they do not cater for the millionaire in New Zealand as they do in Canada or the States, people of reasonable requirements have little cause for serious complaint, and the charges are by no means excessive. Hotel tariffs range from 10s. 6d. to 22s. 6d. a day. At the smaller places, with a clientele that is mainly local and commercial, one naturally lives plainly, and the atmosphere is one of strict utility without decoration. Proprietor and staff are usually friendly and obliging, if a trifle casual. A regular and characteristic feature is the cup of tea that invariably appears about 7 a.m. even in the most remote boarding-house.

When the tourist is tired of formal introductions to recognized beauty spots, when he has seen enough of the big peaks, fascinating lakes, and uncanny geysers, let him don comfortable old clothes, reduce his baggage to the barest necessities, and sample some of the less frequented routes. He will never lack variety of scenery or variety of companionship, he will never be refused homely but sincere hospitality, and he will see something of the real New Zealand.

Travellers' Tales

By Scotland Liddell

Author of "Fifty Thousand Miles of Sun."

"At the time that Baldwin was Emperor of Constantinople"—and now, having set this statement down, I feel that I must break off, if only to assure you of its truth. To those who know no other Baldwin save the present British Prime Minister, the words will seem ridiculous; but when they first appeared in print, they raised no doubt in their readers' minds—and this in spite of the fact that most of the author's other statements were disbelieved.

"At the time that Baldwin was Emperor of Constantinople, in the year of Our Lord 1250, two gentlemen of the most illustrious family of Paolo or Polo, at Venice, embarked on board a vessel freighted with various kinds of merchandise on their own account." . . .

These two gentlemen were the father and uncle respectively of Marco Polo, and it was from this original journey that the voyages and travels of Marco ensued. I have been re-reading an account of these, and it is from Marco Polo's story that I quote the above paragraph. It is an intensely interesting book, especially to one who has been over nearly all the ground that Polo first explored. He, however, set out into the Great Unknown, while I—whose travels have been greater in extent than his—have journeyed through a well-mapped world. He travelled in crude sailing ships; he rode on horses, camels, donkeys; he walked afoot; while I have sailed luxuriously in floating towns, and raced through deserts in comfortable trains and motor-cars, and flown across the hills in magic aeroplanes.

Marco Polo took weeks to travel distances that I traversed in hours. He knew not from day to day what rivers, lakes, towns, mountains, seas he would encounter on his journeyings—while I have toured the world according to time-table and to plan. We have little in common,

indeed, save this—that his tales, and my tales, and the tales of almost every traveller, have, when recounted, brought forth doubt and disbelief. "Travellers' tales," people say; the term has come to stand for fiction, fantasy. "Tell that to the marines," is another expression: a phrase, says my dictionary, arising from the sailors' contempt for the marine's ignorance of seamanship. But I interpret the saying otherwise; it means, in my opinion, that marines, as voyagers themselves, know what it is to have their yarns discredited, and thus lend sympathetic ears to other travellers' tales.

All travellers, however, do not tell the truth. In this respect, they do not differ from their fellow-men, save that their lies are much more picturesque. Sindbad, for instance, was a story-teller in both senses of the word. Even Hindbad must have disbelieved him when he told of camping with his fellow sailors on a sleeping whale, thinking it to be an Indian Ocean isle. As for the angry rocs (each of whose eggs was "fifty paces in circumference"), that dropped huge stones upon a ship and rendered it a total wreck—well, even the compilers of cross-word puzzles, to whom the word "roc" is undoubtedly a boon, define the bird as "mythical."

"The Voiyage and Travaile of Sir John Mandeville" was, I believe, the first book of travels published in England. It was in the middle of the fourteenth century that Sir John (whose title was itself a lie) set off a-wandering. The book he cooked contained, perhaps, a small amount of leavenous truth, but it consisted for the greater part of very doubtful dough. One of his tales was of a sea of sand that ebbed and flowed in waves, though waterless. "Men find this sea full of right good fish of most delicious eating." It will be noticed that this fantasy refers to fish, and fishy tales are all notoriously untrue.

A century later there was Christopher Columbus, whose tales of lands across the sea have since been verified. His able-bodied seamen, on the other hand, told very highly-coloured yarns on their return. Marvellous tales were rife in Spain. On one part of the coast of El Nombre de Dios, it was said, the natives had such long ears that one ear served for bed and the other for counterpane. In Central Africa I have seen natives whose ears hung to

their shoulder blades, but, even in a book, I cannot make them droop much more than that. There was also the story of a transatlantic race that lived upon sweet scents alone. Here, however, I am in sympathy with the original narrator. It well may be that what he said was "cents." One cannot blame him if his listeners failed to spell the word aright.

To return to Marco Polo. His tales aroused complete incredulity, yet to-day most of the statements that he made have been confirmed. One does not, of course, believe that there were 12,000 bridges across the river in the city of Quinsai in Cathay; but Polo qualifies the figure by saying "the report is." Likewise, when he gives the daily consumption of pepper in Quinsai as 9,589 pounds, he states that the statistics were given to him "by an officer of the custom house." And when he tells of hens "without feathers, hairy like cats, which yet lay eggs, and are good to eat," he is careful to say: "I was told, but saw them not." I, too, have never seen a hairy hen; but had I heard of one when travelling in the Orient, I certainly would have mentioned it—after the all-important words, "I have been told."

The report of thousands of bridges, tons of pepper, and hairy hens was, however, quite insignificant compared with the other statements Polo made. One's heart goes out to the great traveller when one considers that his so-called "fantasies" were really facts. The account of Polo's discoveries, told more than six hundred years ago, might have been written yesterday:—

> On the north (of Armenia) [he says] is Zorzania, in the confines of which a fountain is found, from which a liquor like oil flows, and, though unprofitable for the seasoning of meat, yet is very fit for the supplying of lamps . . . and this natural oil flows constantly, and that in plenty enough to lade camels.

Yes—and in plenty enough to be pumped in a pipe-line across Transcaucasia from Baku to Batoum! In plenty enough to be sent in tankers to all the corners of the world!

> In this province (Chinchintalas) . . . is a mountain, wherein are . . . as was reported, salamanders, of the wool of which cloth was made, which, if cast into the fire, cannot be burned; but that cloth is in reality made of stone in this manner, as one of my companions, a Turk . . .

informed me. . . . A certain mineral is found in that mountain which yields thread not unlike to wool; and these being dried in the sun, are bruised in a brazen mortar and afterwards washed, and whatsoever earthy substance sticks to them is taken away. Lastly, these threads so cleansed are spun like other wool, and woven into cloth; and when they would whiten those cloths, they cast them into the fire for an hour, and then take them out unhurt whiter than snow; after the same manner they cleanse them when they have taken any spots; for no other washing is used to them, besides the fire. But with regard to the salamander or the serpent, which is reported to live in the fire, I could find nothing of such a creature in the East countries.

In my kitchen there is an asbestos cooking-mat—"When soiled, turn soiled part to fire and burn till clean."

Here is another "fantasy"—another "traveller's tale"—another discovery of Marco Polo's which brought forth ridicule:

Through the whole province of Cathay (China) certain black stones are dug out of the mountains which, put into the fire, burn like wood, and, being kindled, preserve fire a long time, and, if they be kindled in the evening, they keep fire all the night: and many use those stones because that, though they have plenty of wood, yet that wood would not serve.

Certain "black stones," indeed! For the amusement of generations to come, who will live in an age of oil and gas and electricity, let me record the fact that in the precincts of London I have frequently paid two shillings and fourpence per hundredweight (two decimal three shillings, this sum may be in future years) for certain blackened stones, which, put into the fire, refused to burn at all, and, in the morning, had to be cast out.

Very large cane grows in this country, ten paces in length, and three palms in thickness, and as much from knot to knot.

This of (I think) North Burma. Quite true, but travellers to-day call these large canes "bamboos."

As well as the men the women used to embroider their faces, necks, hands, bellies, and legs, making the images of lions, dragons, and birds, and so firmly imprint them that they cannot easily be put out; and the more such images anyone has upon his body, so much he is esteemed the finer and the more gallant. And there are also in this country professors of this foolish art of flesh-embroidery, which use no other trade but this needlework and dyeing of fools' skins.

I was in Burma a year ago. I might have written down these very words—though I would have written of tattooing. "Flesh-embroidery" is an infinitely better term.

> We will now enter into the affairs of India, and begin with their ships. . . . Some greater ships have thirteen divisions on the inside, made with boards enchased, so that if by a blow of a whale, or a touch of a rock, water gets in, it can go no farther than that division, and the leak being found is soon stopped.

More than six hundred years ago! And yet we talk with pride of the watertight compartments in our modern ships! Is there anything new under the sun?

Let me set down briefly some other points from Marco Polo's narrative. He tells of "looking-glasses made of steel" (such mirrors were largely used by officers and men in the great war); of "oil made of nuts"; of dried milk—"when the Tartars go to the army they carry with them about ten pounds thereof, and every morning a man takes about half a pound and puts it in a flask . . . with as much water as he pleases, which, when he rides, mixes together, and this is his dinner"; of "high taxation" and a Customs' duty on imported articles—"goods from remote countries . . . pay ten per cent."; of Lost Property Offices, where "are brought all lost things (otherwise the finder would be punished as a thief)"; of public baths "with attendants of both sexes"; of a curfew bell, "after the tolling whereof in the night no man must go out of his house until the beginning of the day following"; and of a hotel register—"those also that keep inns write in a book the names of their guests and the day and hour of their departure, which books they send daily to the lords or magistrates who preside at the market-places."

Marco Polo also tells us of a Chinese dole:

> When the Khan hears of any honourable family decayed by misfortune, or of any which cannot work, and have no subsistence, he gives to such families the whole year's expenses, each head of such family going to the officer for that purpose, and, showing their bill of allowance, receive provisions accordingly.

Finally, speaking of Transcaucasia, Marco Polo says: "The women are wonderfully fair, and when the men desire to marry wives, they rather make choice of the

beautiful than the noble or rich." How many countries could be written of in just such words to-day?

Now, here was Marco Polo who, in his travels, came across oil-wells, asbestos, coal, bamboos, and flesh-embroidery, and straightway was disbelieved. Old-time explorers suffered much in this respect. Nevertheless, in spite of this, and quite apart from the discomforts of primitive means of transport, they had a great advantage over modern travellers. The lands they visited were, to the outer world, unknown. They discovered new countries, new peoples, new customs. It was an easy matter for an early voyager to write a book. If he encountered black folk, brown folk, yellow folk, he could write of them to his heart's content. To-day, unless one found a green or blue or purple race, the colour-question is not worth a dozen words. The early traveller could fill whole pages with strange botany. To-day, one simply writes down single words—palms, bamboos, bougainvilleas, gums; no further explanation is required. Where Marco Polo told two hundred words or so, one says "asbestos" now. As for "Indian nuts as big as a man's head, the middle whereof is full of a pleasant liquor"—well, the world to-day is quite familiar with the coconut. Useless to write of it.

Early voyagers had also the advantage of being able to make statements which no one else could contradict. That they overdid this I have already shown. There is a limit to folks' credulity. Had the roc's egg been just six feet in girth it would have been astonishing enough. Nowadays, when men write travel books, the smallness of the world makes facts imperative. If any traveller wrote of dog-faced tribes or of a new-found race with violet-coloured skin, Mr. Barnum's representative would very quickly ascertain the truth. If another recorded the discovery of a new lake, Mr. Cook would quickly find out if he were "pulling the long bow." If anything bizarre should be written of anywhere, indeed, the local correspondent of the London Press would at once get a cable asking him for confirmation of the statements.

Some years ago I wrote a book in which I mentioned certain facts. One of the reviewers of the book wrote this in his *critique*: "Some things the author tells us are

so strange that we know they must be true." There! Is not that exactly what I have said? No modern "Special Correspondent" would dare to write deliberately a lie. This is what comes of living in a world that is an open book. The critic *knew* that what I wrote was true; he knew I could not palm off any flight of fancy as a fact.

At the time, however, I confess that I was just a little hurt. That I got no credit for imagination was very obvious.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and, lying as it does, deep down in a well, it is by no means dry. The world we live in is so full of fascinating facts that there is never any need for fantasy. Let me take at random from my notebook some facts and figures concerning places I have visited.

First of all, a cruise upon that most amazing waterway, the Amazon. The Thames is 200 miles in length; the Amazon, at its mouth, is more than 200 miles in width. I sailed 1,000 miles up the Amazon in an ocean liner. The British light cruiser *Pelorus* steamed to Iquitos in Peru—a distance of 2,272 miles up-stream. The cruiser could have gone 500 miles still farther up. A launch drawing 4½ feet of water can travel 4,000 miles in a direct line up the Amazon system at low water. On the Amazon and its tributaries, at low water, the same launch can sail more than 55,000 miles by known waterways. At high water double that distance. Ten miles from Manaos, Agassiz found 1,500 varieties of fish in one small lake. Of these most were unknown to science. Compare this with the 250 varieties of fish found in European rivers! In the same region, Bates, the entomologist, found 14,712 various insects, of which 8,000 were unknown. Could any flight of fancy improve upon these facts?

When I was in New Zealand I met a man in Rotorua who was a keen angler. He assured me that his catch of trout the previous year had weighed nearly two tons! So large are the fish, and so plentiful, that many anglers count their annual catches by the ton. Not many miles from Rotorua, in the thermal district, I stood upon the banks of a trout stream. A yard or so away were bubbling pools of boiling water, so that it was possible to hook a

trout and swing it round until it plopped into a boiling pool, there to be cooked!

In Australia I visited the Homebush Bay Abattoirs, "the world's largest single killing unit," a mile or two from Sydney. The capacity of these works is incredibly high—20,000 sheep, 1,500 cattle, 1,500 calves, and 2,500 pigs *each day*. And, as regards Australia, here are some figures which future generations will assuredly doubt: the area of Australia is 2,974,581 square miles, while that of England is only 50,823 square miles. The population of England is, in round figures, 36,000,000; that of Australia, 5,500,000. Future generations will wonder—just as many of us wonder now.

In Ceylon and Burma I travelled in lands that Marco Polo knew. In the latter country I visited the quarries at Mogok from which the rubies come. For centuries these quarries were worked by Chinese. From eight to nine thousand carats of precious stones are excavated each day. Marco Polo wrote of silver mines. Up near the Chinese frontier, in the mountains of the Northern Shan States, are the Bawdwin mines of the Burma Corporation. Hundreds of years ago Bawdwin was a Chinese penal settlement. It is estimated that, in spite of the lack of all mechanical appliances and explosives, the convicts mined more than a million tons of ore. The conditions under which they worked must have been appalling. Most of the old adits in the Chinese workings were so small that, to carry out the ore, they must have worked on all fours with baskets suspended from their necks. No one knows to-day what smelting methods were employed by the Chinese, but it is known that the results of the extraction of silver centuries ago compared very favourably with those of the present day.

Of India Marco Polo writes: "All the people have a custom to be continually chewing in their mouths a leaf called tembul, with spices and lime." One can write this of India to-day. "Tembul" is the leaf of the betel-pepper, in which are wrapped pieces of betel-nut and lime. I remember with horror seeing a Malay expectorating in Penang. I thought the poor wretch had a hæmorrhage.

Lastly, let me turn to Africa. Can you imagine

equatorial "Winter Sports" that last the whole year round? Can you imagine Alpine flora in Central Africa? Can you imagine skating and ski-ing and tobogganning ten-and-a-half miles south of the Line? Would you believe me if Marco Polo lived to-day and I were he? Of course you would not! And here is where we modern travellers have the advantage over old-time explorers. Our readers believe our written words. They know that our reports can all be verified. They know that scenes we write about have all been visited by other men.

Up on Mount Kenya, just under 16,000 feet above the sea, there is a frozen lake surrounded by snowclad slopes—ten-and-a-half miles south of the Line. The fierce sun of noon thaws the ice each day, but in the afternoon the lake is frozen hard again, and one can skate and ski and toboggan in equatorial Africa. Lower down the mountain sides heather blooms and tall green bracken wave luxuriously.

Mount Kenya, which rises to 17,040 ft. above the sea, was first discovered by Dr. Krapf, the pioneer German missionary in these regions, in 1849. Fifty years later, that well-known alpinist, Sir Halford Mackinder, succeeded in reaching the summit, and this is the only occasion on which it has been scaled. Dr. Arthur and Mr. Melhuish, who have got within 200 ft. of the summit, discovered at an altitude of 15,800 ft. a wonderful frozen lake. Curiously enough, Dr. Arthur and Mr. Melhuish found that the altitude did not affect them in any appreciable way.

A track has already been cut through the virgin forest up to the lake, and rest-houses have been erected. Presently the projected road will be completed, and this Alpine resort will be within a day and a half's run by motor-car from Nairobi. The Alpine flora in the region of Kenya's St. Moritz is extraordinary in its variety and profusion, and includes certain curious plants like the giant lobelia and giant groundsel, which grow to a height of from 12 to 15 ft.

I spent a night in a charming house twenty miles from Nairobi, 7,000 ft. above the sea. In the morning my host's daughter took me to see the "vegetable garden and orchard." Here I found cabbages and coffee shrubs,

lettuces and lemons, tomatoes and oranges and figs, potatoes and paw-paw trees, apples and pears, and bananas and strawberries—all sorts of English vegetables and fruits, in short, growing abundantly alongside tropical produce. I actually picked an orange with one hand and a strawberry simultaneously with the other. On our way back to the house, we gathered a basketful of mushrooms on a grassy hill. This, mark you, in equatorial Africa!

In Rhodesia I visited the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River, and was amazed to find how great they were compared with those of Niagara. Here are the respective figures:

Height of Victoria Falls	420 ft.
Height of Niagara Falls	158 ft.
Width of Victoria Falls	1 mile
Width of Niagara Falls	½ mile

No further comment is necessary, but I really must refer to a paragraph I read the other day. An unusually modest American stated that compared with the Victoria Falls, Niagara was merely "a profuse perspiration"!

Travellers' tales to-day have lost their former sinistrality. Nevertheless, one cannot quite avoid mistakes. A little learning is a dangerous thing, and apt to make some people utter foolish words. One instance will suffice.

Some months ago, on my return to London after a journey of 50,000 miles, I was invited to a private dance. My supper partner was a pretty woman who told me of a recent voyage to South America. We talked of travel, of other lands, of tropic seas. I told the lady of one amusing incident. I spoke of an evening during a voyage from Australia to Ceylon, when the sea was all ablaze with phosphorescent flame.

"One lady," said I, "rushed up to me and said, 'Do come! The sea is all lit up with Phosferine!'"

"Yes," said my partner dreamily, "I've seen the Phosferine. It's very nice, but not so fascinating as the porcupines."

"Too Much Schooling"—Is it True?

By M. E. Harrison

(Formerly Liverpool School Board and Specialist on Domestic Training for Lancashire County Council)

DIATRIBES against over-education serve to call public attention to the mistakes of our educational system, but do not lead us much further.

I contend that we are not suffering from too much schooling, but from education wrongly directed. In dealing with any question of educational reform we should remember that results are not apparent until after ten or fifteen years; and that fifty years is a short period for the nation to learn how best to use a new national function. Glaring mistakes were made to begin with—and are still being made—and their consequences, which continue to afflict us, are usually put down to the folly of too much education rather than to a wrong system and mistaken ideals. Some of these mistakes have been remedied. We found out to our horror through the war how wrong-thinking can pervert the spirit of a nation and lead to fearful wrong-doing. Here, at home, we have been doing something similar in following wrong ideals. We were partly misled by blindly copying German "efficiency," and piled subject after subject on to cram growing brains till we discovered that German children killed themselves from overstrain.

Then our theorists advocated the American system of mixed schools. Most enlightened authorities have scrapped them now and reverted to separate departments in upper standards for very sound reasons. So the girls can obtain suitable teaching under the influence and supervision of responsible head-mistresses of character instead of being under young men fresh from college.

Our theorists are anxious to meddle with the infant schools, and deny small children the benefit of early training, and leave them to the education of the gutter. This theory—also made in Germany—that no child should receive teaching under seven years is very mischievous. Children teach themselves if they are not

taught; in towns their only playground is the street, where they learn most obnoxious habits. Their mothers, who have all the cooking, washing, mending, bearing and rearing of babies to see to, have no room nor time to look after those who can run about. In the country many reasons exist for keeping children at home till five or six. But in the crowded towns they are happier and better in every way in our airy infant schools, where play is part of the system, and young brains are not unduly pressed, and backward brains are quietly developed.

Whatever economy is practised in educational reform must not be at the expense of the infant schools. The average English infant mistress is wonderful, and the best ones deserve all praise and sympathy in the important and excellent work they are doing.

Another theory of which we have heard too much is that of the "educational ladder," which, in practice, means abundant scholarships for secondary schools, and possible university careers, i.e. a premium on mere book-learning, as if our children were all literary geniuses, and no other sort of efficiency was to be encouraged or rewarded! These scholarships are too often an utter waste of life and money. Here is an instance of the scholarship craze. A girls' school had an endowment—*rara avis*—which accrued considerably in value. The trustees, all men, had built a new schoolroom; but the 1902 Act brought to light the fact that nothing useful to girls was provided for, not even a cookery class! There was money to spare; so the trustees and Education Committee drew up an excellent scheme for adding a thoroughly equipped domestic school. This was rejected by the Board of Education, who sent down another scheme for putting the whole sum into scholarships for a neighbouring middle-class girls' grammar school! After strong protests the Board compromised by putting half the money into scholarships, making a laundry department at the school, and using the remainder for a cookery centre farther away in a school now under a different authority. Only laundry work was favoured by that endowment instead of general feminine education in house and mother craft.

What, then, is the right ideal in education? Surely it is to fit human beings to do the best work of which they

are capable; to teach them to do their duty in this world as capable human beings and good citizens. In this matter we can learn much from Plato, Ruskin, and the Bible.

Now, where do we fail? Our intentions are excellent. I should say that we do really turn out more human beings with larger interests, more able to enjoy rational pursuits, with more general intelligence than before 1870; but that we *have failed to educate them into better citizens.*

The *ideal aimed at is wrong.* A capable human being is not necessarily a *clerkly* person; not by any means only a man that wears a black coat. But the clerk ideal pervades all classes, greatly through the schoolmaster's training and influence. We have neglected to instil into our children (except in infant schools) the joy of making; the wisdom and necessity of producing something ourselves. Instead of teaching the dignity and honourableness of manual labour, there has been a stigma on "Hodge," the toiler with horny hands. We have forgotten the *ideal of serviceableness* (service, alas! has been wrested from its meaning, so I advisedly do not use the word).

What, then, can we do? There are, I think, several things which urgently require to be altered.

1. Change the college training. Improve the students' outlook. Train the teacher who moulds the child. The teachers are really an earnest body on the whole, but the training in the colleges is too narrow and short-sighted and tends to turn out self-satisfied prigs steeped in cheap (and false) philosophy.

I suggest that they should always be connected with universities. At present the young men leave with very much to unlearn in practical life.

2. In the interest of economy and common sense, *scrap one-half of the scholarships to secondary schools!* They were multiplied when so much was talked about the "educational ladder," and it was forgotten that the number of those suitable to climb the ladder of literary attainment is always limited; that a scholarship at a secondary school, most necessary for those intending to be teachers and good for the few geniuses, often unfits the scholar for really useful work among his equals.

Having scrapped one-half, divide the remainder between secondary schools, i.e. book learning and trade or technical schools, and agricultural schools. These

last do not yet exist! Any boy desiring to be a farm hand, or a farmer himself, has to pick up his knowledge haphazard by his wits as farm servant under more or less capable farmers too busy to teach. Is it any wonder that most lads go elsewhere?

3. Too little attention to local conditions, especially in granting scholarships. This is due to over-centralization and the townbred outlook of the Board of Education.

4. Too much book instruction. Very few children after they leave infant schools, where finger training is part of the system, receive any manual training at all. At best they are taught to draw, and colour broadly, or make designs, which, of course, does mean eye training and some dexterity.

5. Too little industrial training. This is being realized. Some authorities have discovered that the work of so-called "industrial schools" is much more fruitful of real education than the common system or curriculum, and have altered their timetables, providing manual training centres as well as domestic and cooking centres.

Manual training develops the brain. Too often we put the cart before the horse: try to develop the brain first and neglect the hand. A wise head-mistress, troubled about the dullness of a number of girls between ten and twelve from a crowded neighbourhood, made a special class for them, and took them herself, teaching them simple housework, dusting, cleaning silver and room, laying a table, etc. The result was astonishing, the brains developed so quickly, and, I believe, the managers adopted the class permanently in the interest of backward children.

6. We want now, I believe, an inquiry into the working of the 1902 Act, especially in regard to the old endowments. Under that Act local endowments were confiscated, or appropriated, or in some cases disused. I know of a case in which the local endowment lies accumulating in a bank where no one can touch it! Yet it would be most useful to the school it was originally intended for. Its use requires an Act of Parliament! Here is money to hand for local needs, but quite inaccessible.

Then the scholarship examination is too bookish. What is the sense of making a lad sit for a grammar

school scholarship, when his heart is set on animals and outdoor work?

It is true that there is no agricultural training to be had. I see that the Minister of Agriculture the other day was offering a few scholarships, but as yet there is no means of training the ordinary country boy or the town boy with an inherited love of country pursuits. I see, too, that the farm in Lincolnshire for training ex-service men is to go. Probably it is too large, but surely every county should have an available school for farming.

Again, we ought to have trade schools, and scholarships in them for the boys.

Is it Utopian to suggest a secondary domestic school for girls? One or two do exist, but what are they amongst many? We have hardly got beyond the idea of a man on an education committee who said, "Cooking and sewing come by nature to women!" But some towns and some counties do provide good domestic instruction. It is necessary: in 1890 we took the girls away from mother and home work and put them to books. The ignorance of domestic work has been progressive: those girls know less than their mothers, and their children again less, and so on. Now we must teach them through the schools. In 1910 the ladies of Lancashire education sub-committees were called in conference on this subject. They, with only one dissentient —a theorist—recommended that the last six months of school life should be chiefly given to domestic subjects, another six months, if possible, as the girls are more able to profit by such teaching when given continuously at a suitable age than in two courses of six weeks earlier. And this brings us to the knotty question of school age. Here is an illuminating conversation. The Lancashire authority requested the sub-committees to give their opinion on this matter. A large employer said that, as far as he was concerned, the boys might well stay at school till fifteen. Asked why, he replied, "The trade union rules exact a high wage for the boys, and those at fourteen are not worth it; at fifteen they begin to improve." But that year from fourteen to fifteen should not be wasted in idleness or blind alley occupation. This is where trade schools, agricultural training, and domestic centres would come in.

Such training may help to remove the stigma on labour, and the greater stigma on domestic service. I must refer to Mr. Good's diatribe in March on the deficiencies of girls. He would send them to the scullery at an early age, and is angry with girls in general because they cannot cook a dinner or mend socks properly at fourteen. Does he expect his sister or his daughter of fourteen to do this? Many elementary schoolgirls are able to do it, and are trained to buy as well as cook and serve meals. And where are the sculleries?

I am quite sure that cookery in average urban homes to-day is as good as, if not better than, in old days. Domestic service is out of fashion. We shall never get servants of the same class as our grandmothers. There are too many posts open to the daughters of the class who provided our best maids, post office, factory, typewriting, etc., which enable the majority to live comfortably at home. The lower class are more difficult to turn into good maids, because they have never seen anything better than back streets, and their ideals have had no chance of growing.

Nevertheless, elementary schoolgirls of the present are—when trained—more intelligent and need less supervision than those of the mid-nineteenth century, so far as I remember them.

We want more domestic schools. The war and the great cost of teachers' salaries have interfered with their development. Lancashire authority had plans for a great extension of domestic teaching. These were shelved by the war, and they remain shelved to-day, on account of expense. Money saved from superfluous scholarships might well be devoted to this branch.

If domestic work were popularized in this way, we might expect by and by to find a guild of uniformed, properly trained, domestic helps with fixed hours and convenient shifts, who would no longer be despised by their own class as "demeaning" themselves by becoming maidservants. But we must have domestic centres where girls may learn everything which pertains to their *métier* as women: cooking, cleaning, washing, personal and household hygiene, and baby welfare. To be useful that should come at the end of school years, before girls go into factories.

Nunc Dimittis

By Percy Stephens

"Trust a Brahmin before a snake, and a snake before a woman, and a woman before an Afghan."—*Hindoo Proverb.*

DAOUD SHAH enlisted in the 150th Punjaub Rifles for the same reason that so frequently drives Bill or Tummas to take the shilling in England. It was not affection for the British *raj*, for that he despised; it was not love of fighting and adventure, for though he was fond of both of these diversions, he could have indulged in them to his heart's content without quitting his native valley; it was the usual source of trouble in this world—a woman. For Daoud Shah had fallen in love with Cadija, the daughter of Abdul Khan, the Malik of his valley, and would fain have taken her to wife, but daughters are a valuable asset on the other side of the Border, and Cadija being an exceptionally well-favoured maiden, her father had set a price upon her far above her suitor's resources. At first the latter was minded to carry the girl off by force or stratagem; but when he sought his kinsmen's aid to this, they reviled him, bidding him go forth and earn her price for himself, or else leave them in peace, for Abdul Khan was not only the Malik, but the richest man of the valley, and they had no intention of starting a feud that would inevitably result in their all being killed, or beggared, within a twelvemonth. Therefore, Daoud Shah was exceeding sorrowful, and sought speech of Abdul Khan, who interviewed him from his tower at the end of a jezail, and was so far complaisant as to promise him the girl when he should bring her price, which in the present state of the young man's finances was tantamount to a polite refusal.

Daoud Shah, like many another young gentleman crossed in love, then shook the dust of home from off his feet, and drifted out into the world to seek his fortune, which, after many vicissitudes, brought him to the city of Shanapore in the Punjaub, the headquarters of the then newly-formed Punjaub Rifles. For all this took place long ago in the early 'sixties when India was slowly

recovering from the shock of the Mutiny, during which this regiment had been raised by Colonel David Maxwell, who still commanded it, and who had come very prominently to the front during the rebellion. Indeed, the fame of "Masell Sahib" is not yet altogether forgotten in the Five Rivers, and in those days it was a potent factor in attracting recruits to his regiment. Still, it was not this that induced Daoud Shah to enlist in the latter: at the time of his arrival in Shanapore he was at the end of his resources, and, truth to tell, it was an empty stomach rather than a full heart which prompted him to do so. He had no leaning towards service under the British rule, but, as he reflected, he could always desert if he found regimental life too irksome, and take with him at the same time one of those excellent Enfield rifles which justly commanded so high a price beyond the Border.

However, contrary to his expectations, he soon grew to like his new life; he gradually became absorbed in the little world of the *pulton*, and before long attracted the favourable notice of his colonel, whose boast it was that he knew personally every man in his regiment, and was never deceived in his estimate of their character. It remained, however, for Daoud Shah to rudely dispel this pleasing delusion. Physically he was the finest man of the Pathan Company, as he soon grew to be the smartest at drill, and in course of time he was promoted orderly-room *naik*, in which capacity he was a good deal about his colonel's quarters.

Now it happened that Maxwell was engaged to be married to a girl at home, and it was his whim that his wedding present to her should be a necklace of the finest turquoises procurable in India, which he had been collecting stone by stone for months past, and with unpardonable carelessness kept in a flimsy leather dispatch-box on his writing-table. Unfortunately it happened that Daoud Shah, bringing the orderly-room book to the colonel, chanced to get sight of the jewels at a time when their owner was showing them to a friend. It was equally unfortunate that the *naik* should also have matrimony in his mind, for full well he knew that those glittering bits of blue would assure him, not only the hand of his Cadija, but also a most comfortable competence for

life. Therefore he incontinently decided to spoil the Egyptian at the earliest possible opportunity; nothing would be easier than to visit the Colonel Sahib's quarters on some plausible pretext when their owner was absent; to break open that ridiculous box, and be twenty miles across the border before the real reason for his flight transpired.

Moreover his scheme would probably have succeeded, had it not been for one of those freaks of fortune, which not even the most perspicacious can foresee. It was certainly the cruellest of luck that, on the very evening that he had selected for his departure, a clumsy mess-waiter should deposit a plateful of hot soup in the colonel's lap, thereby obliging him to return to his quarters at the very moment when Daoud Shah, who had gained entrance to them unseen, was engaged in transferring the turquoises from their cotton-wool bed to his own pocket.

So absorbed was he in this fascinating occupation, that he never turned his head until Maxwell was actually in the room; then he looked up and saw he was trapped like a jackal; and like a jackal he prepared to show his teeth. His hand went immediately to his belt, but before he could grasp his knife, Maxwell seized his wrist. There was a fierce momentary struggle while the two men went hurling about the room, till Maxwell, one of the most powerful men in India, shifted his foot, and then suddenly releasing the Pathan's arm, struck him with terrific force in the face, cutting deep into his forehead with his heavy signet-ring. Daoud Shah went down like a log of wood, and when he came to his senses again, in the prison infirmary, it was to the knowledge that he never would see again with his left eye.

In due course followed his trial and sentence to five years' imprisonment; a penalty that, but for his Colonel's intercession, would undoubtedly have been far heavier. Daoud Shah who had always been accustomed to an active, out-door existence, found prison life exceedingly distasteful; in those days the *jail-khanas* of India were not conducted on modern principles, so that prisoners received instruction in arts and crafts, and the solitary confinement to which he was subjected, affording him ample leisure for reflection on the train of events that had

led to his incarceration, he was not long in coming to the conclusion that Asia was not large enough to contain both Colonel Maxwell and himself. Being then too young to have grasped the truth of the axiom that all things come to him who knows how to wait, he resolved to lose no time in remedying this state of affairs, with a view to which he incontinently attempted to escape from prison. However, he not only failed in this, but nearly killed a warder as well, with the result that he was sent to the Andaman Islands for a further period of ten years.

Here, indeed, he exchanged purgatory for hell. In the easy-going prison at Shanapore he had, metaphorically at least, felt himself within touch of home; the winds that blew from the Northern snows had ventilated his cell, and he was scarce fifty miles from the Border on the farther side of which dwelt his kinsmen, but here in these sunbaked, sea-girt islands, where rigid discipline only served to accentuate the enervating climate, the Pathan bade fair for a time to die of sheer nostalgia. Probably the fact that he *was* a Pathan served to keep him alive, for he had no mind to die while the man to whom he owed his disfigurement and imprisonment still lived. He put away from him every other human hope or ambition, save that of vengeance; each day the iron entered deeper into his soul, and he became notorious as a hard case even in the Andamans. His existence resolved itself into a succession of futile struggles against authority, and punishment for the same, so that in time he grew to be an Ishmaelite; his hand against all men were they warder or fellow-prisoner, and theirs against him, with the result that an even more terrible fate befell the unhappy wretch.

There worked in the same gang with him one Moung Lo, a Burmese dacoit, whom the Pathan had once tried to kill for some real or fancied insult. Therefore Moung Lo regarded Daoud Shah in the same light that the latter did Colonel Maxwell, and being a person of some ingenuity in such matters, bided his time until he saw his way to wreaking a more dreadful vengeance than death upon his enemy.

It was years before opportunity for this came to his hand, till the day when, being employed on some mason-

work, he approached Daoud Shah from behind, and, springing on him unawares, thrust a handful of hot lime into his remaining eye. The Pathan managed to seize him, and nearly tore the life out of him before they were separated; but from that hour Daoud Shah never saw the light of day again, so that the Government, having no further use for a blind convict, ordered his release, and he was conveyed back to Shanapore and set at liberty. Daoud Shah had been furnished with a small sum of money on liberation, and his first care was to repair to the shop of a dealer in arms, where he provided himself, not with the heavy slicing Afghan knife to which he had been once accustomed, but with a neat little Persian dagger, that would lie easily in a man's sleeve, and then he at once started to make his way as best he could to the Cantonments. It was a weary journey for him, for he had not as yet gained the full sense of the blind, but at length he found his way to the main-guard, and being challenged by the sentry, made answer that he would speak with the Colonel Sahib. The sentry was of the Sikh company and hated the sight of a Pathan, and noticing the newcomer was blind, made jest of him, calling on his comrades of the guard to witness the new recruit who could see to fire his rifle through the end of his nose. The other Sikhs, nothing loth, joined in the sport, and perhaps the bitterness of his calamity never bore more heavily on the sightless man than at that moment, but presently there came by a Pathan private who, more from hatred to the Sikhs than pity for his compatriot, led him away.

But Daoud Shah had even worse things to bear that day than the mockery of unbelievers; for in answer to his eager questioning the friendly private told him that Maxwell Sahib had gone home to England four years before to be married, but had promised that his first-born son should come back to Hind to command the regiment in his time. "Said he truly thus?" eagerly asked Daoud Shah, who knew how Anglo-Indian son succeeds to Anglo-Indian father. "Aye, of a truth; and moreover, there is a son born to him, for but two years past there was great drinking in the mess when the news came."

Daoud Shah asked no more questions, but crawled

back to the city, where, having eaten and drunk, he betook himself to the house of one Mirza Beg, a native gentleman who, under the title of commission agent, combined the business of letter-writer, newsmonger, usurer, and other even less savoury professions. Daoud Shah was closeted with him but a short time, handing him, as he left, the Persian knife in addition to his fee. Then he made his way to the *Serai*, and waited patiently there for a *Kafilah* for the north, which should take him to his own country, and in due course came back to his father's place in the Little Malakand, and abode with his people.

Daoud Shah's first care was to provide himself with a wife; Cadija was dead, so there was no question of her; but he bade his kinsmen find him a woman, "fit to be the mother of men; her beauty is naught to me if only she be strong and healthy." So they brought him a woman of the Abazai, and in time she bore him a son whom he called Afzul, and who grew in bodily strength and activity greatly to his father's comfort. "He will be three years younger than *him*," he thought, "but *our* children are men before their mother's milk be dry on their lips."

Colonel Maxwell had hung the turquoise necklace round his wife's neck, before Daoud Shah had served the half of his sentence in the Andamans, and had settled down to a country gentleman's uneventful existence on his property in Scotland. To leave his beloved regiment had been a bitter wrench to him, only mitigated by the thought that his son should some day succeed in his turn to its command. Therefore little Ronald Maxwell was early imbued with the belief that Fortune could offer him no greater honour than this, nor indeed would he have desired any other, so that when he had passed through Wellington and Sandhurst, and had been gazetted into a crack line-regiment, he made immediate application to be transferred to the Indian Staff Corps, and in course of time was duly posted to the 150th Punjaubis. He joined his regiment at Shanapore in May 1896, and on the very day of his arrival Mirza Beg entrusted a small parcel containing a Persian knife to the headman of a northward-bound *Kafilah*. Two months later it reached

the person to whom it was consigned, a blind inhabitant of the Little Malakand, who exhibited much gratification at its receipt, even going so far as to openly thank Allah for the same. A few weeks later a fine, well set-up young hillman, who gave his name as Afzul Khan, was enlisted into the Pathan company of the 150th.

Ronald Maxwell fared exceeding well in the regiment; a typical specimen of the best kind of youth turned out by an English public school, he soon found favour with all ranks and castes. The Colonel and Adjutant privately agreed he "was the best of the young ones"; the subalterns hailed him as a good fellow, and the Sikh company to which he was posted regarded him approvingly as a worthy son of the famous Masell Sahib. Equally keen about duty or sport, and blessed with exuberant health and a clean mind, India seemed the most delightful place in the world to the young man, while the seal was set on his happiness when his regiment was ordered to the front with the Tirah Expeditionary Force.

It happened towards the end of the campaign that while two companies of the 150th, which had been detailed to cover the retirement of a convoy, were in their turn falling back under heavy fire to reform under the shelter of the next ridge, Maxwell, who had been the last to leave the position, was running at top speed across the open to rejoin his men, when a feeble cry for help drew his attention to a private of his regiment who was down, with half a dozen Afridis making for him, exultant of an easy prey. Ronald never hesitated but turned at once to the man's aid, recognizing him as he reached him as one Afzul of the Pathan Company. His leg was apparently broken, and to carry him along the hill-face unaided was impossible, so Maxwell turned to face the Afridis now close upon him. He dropped two of them with his revolver, and laid about him desperately, if somewhat wildly, with his sword, but the odds were too great, and as the men of his company came roaring back to his rescue he went down with a bullet through his shoulder and a gaping knife wound in the head. Afzul, whom the Afridis had passed over for the nobler prey of a Feringhi, was brought in but little the worse for a flesh wound in the leg, but Ronald lay between life and death

in a base hospital long after the Pathan had returned to duty.

However, his sturdy constitution and indomitable pluck eventually pulled him through, and being then sent home for a year's sick-leave in England, he did not rejoin his regiment until the end of the following summer. This is a season when each company of the Infantry Regiment in garrison at Shanapore is detailed in turn for duty at Fort Gulabad, some twenty miles away on the very edge of the Border, and than which there is probably no more cordially hated post in the Punjaub command. Troops are ostensibly stationed there at this time of year for musketry practice, but in reality to enable the peaceful cultivators of the district to reap their crops unmolested by their less bucolic neighbours of the foothills. In ordinary circumstances Ronald would not have gone to Fort Gulabad as his company had served its time before he rejoined, but it happened that shortly after he had done so, one of the subalterns at the Fort fell ill, and Ronald, who had nothing of the "Skrimshanker" about him, volunteered to take his place.

It thus came about that he was brought into contact with Afzul for the first time since he had saved his life; and was very favourably impressed by the young man, who was a singularly handsome youth more resembling a high-bred Persian than the typical thick-lipped, Hebraic Pathan; of good manner and address and, what is extraordinary in one of his race, looking all men frankly and pleasantly in the face. In addition he was one of the smartest soldiers in the regiment, had already risen to be *naik*, and was marked out for further promotion. Consequently Maxwell was rather attracted towards him, and took such notice of him as lay in his power, while Afzul in turn seemed specially grateful for any small mark of approval on the part of his officer.

The long weary month at Fort Gulabad had almost dragged itself out; the awkward squads had been drilled and licked into shape, and the requisite number of rounds per man fired; and pending the arrival of the relieving company, there remained a couple of days when there was not much occupation for officers or men. This seemed to Ronald an excellent opportunity for trying a new rifle

he had brought from England, and he applied for leave for a day's shooting, which was granted on condition he restricted his operations to within reasonable distance of the Fort and took a man of the regiment as escort, for which purpose he selected Afzul.

Game, big or small, is an exceedingly negligible quantity in the neighbourhood of Fort Gulabad, though a few much-persecuted ravine-deer are occasionally to be met with. It was on them that Ronald fondly hoped to flesh his maiden rifle, but his own experience of Shikar was of the slightest, and Afzul's but little better, and it was therefore not surprising that, after several hours of fruitless hard exercise under a burning sun, he should feel a little less keen, and suggest a halt. Afzul as usual was politeness personified. "It was as the Huzoor desired, *he* felt no fatigue while obeying his wishes, but perhaps if they rested till the heat of the day was past the deer would come forth and eat the Huzoor's bullets." This advice seemed not only sound, but corresponded with Ronald's inclination as well, and so they made for a ruined building which chanced to be at hand, where they could obtain some shelter from the sun. But when they reached it, Afzul would on no account allow his Sahib to sit down until he had thoroughly searched the ground for snakes, a piece of devotion which at once amused and gratified Ronald, though he little suspected the genuine annoyance it would have caused his companion if he had died of snake-bite. At last Afzul declared himself satisfied, and having cleared a space on the warm, dry sand where Ronald could lie, and rest his back against a great block of fallen masonry, he placed the Sahib's food within easy reach of his hand, and deferentially withdrew to the other side of the wall.

Ronald ate his frugal lunch, and sipped his cold tea; then he lit a cheroot and lay back enjoying the pleasant feeling of repose after hard physical exertion. He felt a little tired and the hot, still air provoked a feeling of drowsiness, a comfortable languor stole over him; half unconsciously he stretched himself at full length and pillowed his head on his arm; his cigar slipped from his fingers, and with a little sigh of contentment he fell fast asleep.

The sound of his deep regular breathing soon reached an eager listener, who crouched on hands and knees beside the great stone in the shade of which he was lying and now crept a little nearer. Presently a dark evil face, pearled with sweat, and set in a horrid rictus that showed the teeth like a snarling dog's, was pushed inch by inch round the corner and looked down on the sleeper.

Ronald was lying on his back, with his chin thrown up, and a line of white skin showing itself above the loose collar of his flannel shirt. Afzul's gaze concentrated itself on this; his hand stole to his waist and drew a little Persian knife, then he bent forward, and flinging himself upon Ronald, forced his head still further back with one hand, while with the other he plunged the knife into his throat. There was a hoarse gurgling cry cut short by a fierce stroke of the knife, and a momentary fearful struggle; an impotent effort to rise, and a convulsive drawing up of the limbs; but gradually these straightened themselves again, and a long shudder ran through the frame—then Ronald lay very quiet once more as if still sleeping. Presently Afzul rose, and stepped aside to drink some water, for this was his first murder and he felt a little sick; a feeling of which he was subsequently most thoroughly ashamed. Soon, however, he returned and took all that was of value on the corpse; the field-glasses, the ring that Ronald's mother had given him, and the silver watch that his father had worn through the Mutiny. Then he drew his knife again and slashed the glazing eyes across and, spitting on the corpse, he lovingly picked up the little Mannlicher rifle, and slunk away to the hills.

A few days later Afzul came very early in the morning to his father's house, and told him how he had wiped out the reproach on his name. When Daoud Shah heard the good news, his bowels were moved towards his son, and he fell on his neck and blessed him, and set food and drink before him, and washed his feet, for the young man was very weary. Then when Afzul had lain down to sleep, he took the little Persian dagger lovingly into his hand and stepping forth from the house turned his sightless eyes to the East, and gave thanks to Allah the All Merciful, that his honour was now clean, and his infirmity no longer a reproach among men.

The Practical Idealist

By E. M. E. Blyth

Mahatma Ghandi: the Man who became One with the Universal Being. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Catherine D. Groth. Swarthmore Press. 5s. net.

The Hope of the Workers. By Austin Hopkinson, M.P. for Mossley Division of Lancs. Martin Hopkinson & Co. 1s. net.

WE do not, as a rule, associate Idealism with practical politics. Unfortunately, the Idealist is too often confounded with the crank, by whom the word "Ideals" has been pulled and twisted into some sort of a covering for a multitude of unpractical and impracticable theories. The Idealist, like the mystic, draws his inspiration from things which are out of sight, and is refreshed by deep waters beyond our immediate vision, just as, to use a homely simile, the earth's life is nourished and restored by the hidden fires and waters that burn and tumble at its core. The essence of the crank is publicity; he must perish unless he can run hither and thither, and chatter in the market-place; he depends for his very existence upon the world's comment and attention.

Some of the world's greatest Idealists belong to English history, such men and women as King Alfred, Simon de Montfort, Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Raleigh, Falkland, Hampden, George Herbert, Wilberforce, Penn, Blake, Hannah More, Elizabeth Fry, to name but a very few of the stars that shine in our firmament. If we lose sight of the Idealist in the man of action, we lose irrevocably the whole secret and inspiration of his achievement. Such blindness, indeed, is a confession that we have so reasoned away our simplicity of judgment, that we can no longer distinguish between the theory of life and a theory in words.

From M. Rolland's little book on "Mahatma Ghandi," we learn that the Indian describes himself as a "practical Idealist" (p. 44). An Idealist he certainly is—or,

should we say, he *was*?—with much of beauty in his life and seeking; but neither in word, nor thought, nor deed, has he ever been practical. This chilling conviction is forced upon us on every page, in spite of M. Rolland's admiration for his hero, which is apparent throughout the book.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that so pronounced an Anglophobe as M. Romain Rolland should have assumed the task of interpreting Mr. Ghandi to the British people. His enthusiasm for his subject strikes us continually as being anti-English, rather than pro-Indian. He lays stress upon all Mr. Ghandi's disloyalties and ingratitudes to the British Raj, upon all his petty prejudices and dislikes; in short, he emphasizes what are undoubtedly some of the blemishes in Mr. Ghandi's character and work. We cannot help suspecting that M. Rolland finds Mr. Ghandi a most convenient stick with which to deal shrewd blows at England; and he wields the stick until it cracks with the vehemence of his attack. M. Rolland's prejudice is carried to the verge of unreason; and it is the realization of this that makes us forbear from criticizing his account of the Amritsar riots (p. 51 *et seq.*). It is enough to say that his feelings have blinded him here, and his statements are neither good history nor good politics. Mr. Ghandi's teaching was the direct inspiration of these and of other riots; he drove his people into the blazing world of revolt, and left them to get out of it as best they might.

Mr. Ghandi's great panacea for the ills and misfortunes of India, whether these are social, political, or economic, is the spinning-wheel. He urges every man and woman to do one hour's spinning every day. His fervour for spinning appears to be partly the result of the innate conservatism of the Eastern, and partly his personal dislike of machinery. "Ghandi's most ardent desire is to see machinery wiped out of India." "Machinery is the great sin which enslaves nations" (p. 41). Of those "Indian progressives" who "ask what would become of India if she were to have no railroads, tramways, or industries?" Mr. Ghandi, in his turn, "asks if India did not exist before they were invented?" India's "ancient prosperity was founded on the plough and the

spinning-wheel, and on a knowledge of Hindu philosophy" (p. 42). One can only wish that life had remained so delightfully simple. Mr. Ghandi paid a visit to "the fallen sisters" in the provinces of Andhra and Barisul; "he spoke to them nobly and simply . . . and proposed spinning. They agreed to begin the very next day if assured of encouragement and assistance." Mr. Ghandi, still murmuring "Spin, spin!" drifted back to wherever he came from, and apparently the matter ended there.

Spinning is a very useful, even a desirable, accomplishment. But Mr. Ghandi does not make it clear to us how, by means of it, a great country is to trade with other countries; how India's mountains and torrents are to be conquered and harnessed in the service of her population; how Hindu and Moslem are to be pacified and persuaded; how a martial people with a magnificent history, and an artistic past equalling that of Egypt and Persia, is to be fed, clothed, housed, educated, led, advanced. In vain do we search Mr. Ghandi's pronouncements for some word of pride in India's splendid history, of appreciation of her art, her literature; for some slight acknowledgment of the debt she owes to the West. We find none. And, if Mr. Ghandi were, indeed, the prophet and the leader that he aspires to be, that M. Rolland proclaims him to be, then we should despair of India's future. But Mr. Ghandi is neither prophet nor leader. He is mortal man. All his teaching is towards material good—and that is not a good thing to have to say of an Eastern Idealist. He is a sincere, unpractical, short-sighted, good, vague man; a hopelessly unpractical Idealist. So, when his day is past, the people he has tried to lead will relapse into sullen and terrible discontent; for he has given them heady wine to drink, and has filled them with hatred of their lot, while not knowing how to better it. His mind is a welter of incoherent thoughts and impressions; he drags in it for something solid to give his people, whom he truly loves, and all that he finds are vague formulas, unripe aspirations, truths half understood.

Mr. Ghandi is troubled by "doubts as to the merits of an English literary education, which has nothing to do with the building up of character, an education which has emasculated the youth of India." He points

another and a better way. He will admit his pupils "from the age of four up (students will be admitted at any age). The course lasts about ten years. The children are separated from their parents and families. The parents renounce all authority over them. The children never visit their parents. The pupils wear simple clothes, have no holidays in the ordinary sense of the word, though once a week they are allowed a day and a half in which to do individual creative work. Three months of the year are spent in travelling on foot through India." Mr. Ghandi "believes that it would be excellent for children to pay for their tuition by a certain amount of spinning." Poor, forlorn little four-year-olds, separated from their parents and families, paying for their tuition by spinning, knowing no relaxation but that of thirty-six hours in the week for creative work—at that age, probably, the creation of mud pies.

What are these children to become when they have finished, and paid for their tuition? The field for ambition is somewhat restricted by Mr. Ghandi's anti-English prejudices. "The profession of magistrate is immoral. In India the courts are an instrument of British domination; they encourage dissensions among Indians, and in a general way they foster and increase misunderstanding and animosity. They stand for a fattening, lucrative exploitation of the worst instincts. As for the medical profession, Ghandi admits he was attracted to it at first, but he soon realized it was not honourable. For Western medical science is concerned with giving relief to suffering bodies only. It does not do away with the cause of suffering and disease, which, as a rule, is nothing but vice. In fact, Western medical science may almost be said to encourage vice by making it possible for a man to satisfy his passions and appetites at the least possible risk. It contributes, therefore, to demoralize people; it weakens their will-power by helping them to cure themselves with 'black magic' prescriptions instead of forcing them to strengthen their character by disciplinary rules for body and soul." Mr. Ghandi, having forgotten the unfortunate effects in India of plague and cholera, as well as the beneficent results of the Pasteur institutes for hydrophobia, and with a sublime indifference to facts,

produces a little "Guide to Health," which is "a moral as well as therapeutic treatise." Anyone who is friendly with Easterns knows well how easy it is for them to moralize at sight upon any subject, whether they quite understand it or not, and with what unction platitudes roll from their lips.

"Mr. Ghandi is too much of a saint, he is too pure, too free from the animal passions that lie dormant in man."

Thus M. Rolland dismisses an ignorance of human nature which is inexcusable in one who aspires to lead and to remould humanity. In 1921 Mr. Ghandi informed the world that he would "withdraw from the field if he felt hatred for the English," for one must "hate Satanism while loving Satan." A few months previously he had assured his Indian hearers that "one hundred thousand Englishmen need not frighten three hundred million human beings"; a sentiment first expressed, we believe, in 1857. But when a section of the three hundred million translated his assurance into action, in the shape of the carefully prepared riots at Bombay in November, 1921, during the Prince's visit to India, Mr. Ghandi's temper was most unfortunately upset. "He called the crowd angrily to order, and commanded it to disperse." He "issued anguished appeals . . . and declared that such incidents proved that the masses were not yet ripe for civil disobedience. Therefore, he suspended the order proclaiming it," and tried fasting for twenty-four hours in every week instead. Surely incompetence of mind and will and heart were never more pitifully exposed.

Three months later, however (February, 1922), Mr. Ghandi "believed that the country was ripe for civil disobedience *en masse*." The mob promptly got out of hand, and savagely massacred the police at Chauri-Chauri, in their barracks. Mr. Ghandi had, in the interval, "become the conscience of India. . . . He took upon himself the sins of his people." For the second time he stopped the civil disobedience movement that he had initiated. "Satan," said Mr. Ghandi, somewhat surprisingly, "forbade it." "Realizing that 'Satan's' voice was the voice of *pride*, he decided to retract the manifesto," i.e. his ultimatum to the Viceroy, giving him "seven days in which to announce a change of policy." "Chauri-Chauri,

is, after all, an aggravated symptom. In civil disobedience there should be no excitement," said Mr. Ghandi.

Before his arrest, which he himself had made inevitable, Mr. Ghandi maintained that imprisonment would give him "a quiet and physical rest." In prison, he remarked: "I knew that I was playing with fire, I ran the risk, and if I was set free I would still do the same." He was perfectly calm throughout his trial, and was able to advise the judge, an Englishman, in the performance of his duty. "The only course open to you, Judge, is either to resign your post or inflict on me the severest penalty." The judge's reply was a model of English courtesy and legal acuteness of perception. So Mr. Ghandi went to prison in 1922; and the book ends there. Unfortunately, Mr. Ghandi does not. In 1924 we find him owning to a congress at Bombay "that he had lost the power to command universal acceptance of his views. 'I am losing ground gradually,' he added, 'and, if necessary, I shall bend before Englishmen (the old Ghandi crops out here) if they only show a change of heart.'" A little later, he was able to promise his followers "much excitement for the most ardent spirits."

There is too much of "I" in Mr. Ghandi's ideals and pronouncements, and too little of "thou" and "ye." The essence of Idealism is self-forgetfulness, which alone can give the Idealist space and leisure in which to think of others and to serve them. Mr. Ghandi fasts in public, and prays at the street corners. He cannot forget himself. It is *his* mission to save India, *his* voice that is to wake her, *his* leadership that is to free her. He points always to himself, and never to the skies. And this is the reason that for all his self-denial, his undoubted sincerity, his passionate love for India, his schemes and his pleadings are foredoomed to failure. True leadership cannot be hid. But Mr. Ghandi drifts across the page of his generation, a pale, mournful, ineffectual man, uttering big words in a small voice. Mr. Ghandi's self-absorption, the poverty of his outlook, his lamentable ignorance of the history of India—for every leader must build upon the historical past, or see his work collapse in hopeless ruin—in a word, Mr. Ghandi's limitations of mind and vision make this book melancholy reading. From such a

man, from such a message, Hope is not born. He claims to have brought his people out of Egypt; but his wilderness leads to no Land of Promise.

About the time that M. Rolland gave us his summary of Ghandi's life and teaching, a most practical Idealist gave us one of the finest little books we have had for years. It was classified under the heading of books on industrial problems; and no reviewer saw in it anything more than an able and an interesting contribution to that never-ending discussion. It was that, certainly; but it was also much more than that. The author, Mr. Austin Hopkinson, stands high amongst those younger politicians who combine Idealism with sane and level-headed patriotism, and thus constitute the country's chief hope political. He is an industrial leader, who has fearlessly tested every theory, political or industrial, that he advances or condemns in his book. His outlook on life, as we gather it from these pages, is as grave and wholesome, yet exalted, as was that of William Penn.

Books on political, industrial, and social questions too often provoke, or at least inflame, bitterness; but this book, though its frankness will anger some, proceeds from a sense of brotherhood too big and too sincere to breed mere rancour. It is a concise, clear, and logical study of the industrial problem, by one who can justly "claim to have put his political and industrial theories into practice with a very great measure of success." It ranges widely, from the "Conflict between Socialism and Christianity" in theory—"the Christian would sell all he had, and would give to the poor, while the Socialist would sell all that his neighbour had and would give that instead"—to the inevitable destruction of political, communal, and individual liberty by Socialism put into practice. The argument on Christian Socialism is admirably summed up. "Anyone who accepts the teaching of the New Testament cannot be regarded as honest if he maintains, as do the Christian Socialists, that the highest possible standard of living is necessary to ensure the moral and spiritual progress of the people. . . . This is the exact reverse of what the Gospels teach when they tell us again and again that progress can never come from the satisfaction of material covetousness, but only from the

renunciation of desire. . . . I suggest that Christian Socialism is only Christian in so far as it is not Socialism, and is only Socialism in so far as it is not Christian."

The intricacies of "Value, Price, and Profit," and of kindred aspects of the problem, are explained with a clear and patient logic, surely seldom before attempted so successfully. Every would-be student of economics knows to his cost how true it is that "professional economists have deceived the people into thinking that Economics is a difficult science, when in reality it is no science at all, but simple common sense applied to questions which are within the capacity of all to work out for themselves." "The crazy structure of Marxian theory" is under constant fire. Indeed, the uncompromising severity of the attacks upon Marx's "poisonous theory that men must inevitably hate one another more and more," because "a man can only become rich by making other people poor," springs from the generous anger of one who really has the workers' betterment at heart against what deludes and keeps the workers down. Mr. Hopkinson traces various of Marx's illogical premises to their inevitable conclusion. He might have gone further, and have shown us how it is that Marx exercises his admittedly extensive influence over the workers, namely, through the exaggerated effect of words upon minds in which the imaginative and dramatic qualities are highly developed without being balanced by education. Every speaker and teacher knows the supreme effect that words have upon such hearers; they can be inspired or degraded, illumined or bewildered, pacified or enraged, by a master of words. Marx was such a master, and he used words with consummate skill to hide or to distort or to assert facts, with the inevitable result upon those whom he desired to influence.

Mr. Hopkinson contends that the good of employer and employed is only one, and that if all capitalists were but Just Stewards, Socialism would be routed finally. He shows us class-hatred, stripped, as the Duessa of the age. Hope for the workers through the adoption by masters and men of the root principles of Christianity—the most practical, as well as the most idealistic, religion known to the world—that is, through honesty, straight-

ness of purpose and of dealing, unselfishness, responsibility, discipline; this, Mr. Hopkinson urges with no uncertain voice. Further, he points the way of attainment. "Progress for the many," he tells us, "can only be gained by the self-sacrifice of the few." It is a hard saying, and it is a tribute both to the spirit and the matter of his book that we never ask ourselves, doubting, "*How* can these things be?" He ends on a note at once exalted and restrained. "For the immediate present the one thing needful is that in industry, as in politics, mankind should have leaders who are true leaders, should have rulers who become rulers only because they thus can make the greater sacrifice. . . . He who would see the vision without which the people perish must dare to climb the peak of leadership which rises cold and bare above the mist. The warm fireside of home is not for him, but only the steep mountain path, the driving rain, and at the end an unknown grave among the rocks, with, perhaps, a purpose unaccomplished still. But whether success or failure come at last, the very effort brings a great reward. This reward is not, indeed, the golden prize which others seek. It is no fulfilment of greed or ambition, such as may gain applause and envy from the mob. Nor is it even the honour and affection of his fellow-men. For the true leader of men is he who takes upon himself the form of a servant, who becomes greatest by being the least, who saves his life by losing it, who believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things, not that others may love him, but rather that he may learn to love them."

Such is the vision, and such the creed, of the practical Idealist.

We look to Mr. Hopkinson to give us other books, as largely conceived and as finely wrought as this. They are needed. True leadership is a quality as well as a call, and where it is found the people are quick to rise and follow. In true Idealism, purely conceived and faithfully carried into practice, lies the world's supremest Hope.

I will give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem wall.

Pictorial Poetry

By Ronald Symond

CARLYLE, who had an ear for music, and who was in fact himself a poet—of the class of Job and Isaiah—has made some interesting reflections upon the characteristic music which is, so to speak, audible in the work of certain great poets.

He refers somewhere to the cathedral music of Milton; to the sphere-harmony of Shakespeare; and likens the lyrics of Burns to the song of a skylark. Dante he associates with an æolian harp. Even the casual critic may recognize an element of musical sympathy in these comparisons. They ring true.

Similarly it might be not outrageous to compare the poetry of Shelley to, say, violin music; or the work of Browning to the harmonious but less melodious music of a full orchestra. In this way anybody possessed of a keen ear for poetical music might derive pleasure and a whimsical interest from seeking appropriate musical associations for the long list of English poets. Possibly he might, like Browning over the question of diet, come to a full-stop when confronted with the problem of finding a suitable simile for the music of Keats, and ask, instead of what porridge he ate, what instrument or instruments he used.

Though music is a conspicuously important element in poetry, it does not, in this connection, necessarily or even appropriately find its way to the listener by way of the vulgar senses of his ears. When it is made to do so through human declamation, much of its perfection is lost. Great poetical music essentially plays direct to the spirit its "ditties of no tone." Of poetry it may well be said that

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter.

The art of the musician proper appeals to the spirit through the ear; that of the painter through the eye; that of the writer through the mind. The part played by the eye in picking up the written word is negligible.

The ear has no part, and even the mind only a subordinate part, in the comprehension of a painted picture, but the eye is indispensable. Similarly the ear plays an almost exclusive part in carrying heard music to the soul. But with written art neither eye nor ear is an essential medium. The man who is both blind and deaf can get nothing from Hobbema or Mozart, but he can comprehend the written word through his fingertips. Prose, though dependent upon *some* sense, is independent of any *particular* sense. It can be read by the deaf, read aloud to the blind, and studied through touch by those who are both deaf and blind.

Poetry may not unreasonably be said to be prose or verse which can, by virtue of such independence, give both music to the deaf and beautiful pictures to the blind. It is great poetry when it can, like great pictures and great music and great prose, touch the soul.

A poet is, then, a threefold functionary. A philosopher to the mind, a musician to the mind's ear, and a painter or sculptor to the mind's eye; combining with all three the artist's supreme business of speaking, through the medium of his art, to the soul. But poets differ very considerably in their aptitude and preference for one or other of these three functions. Browning, for example, is ceaselessly philosophical, whilst his pictorial and musical effects are intermittent. Milton, on the other hand, is never-failing in his marvellous rhythm, though sometimes he gives a rest to both painting and philosophy. Often it is quite possible to get considerable musical joy from his lines whilst deliberately neglecting to follow the meaning of the words—just as is the case at grand opera. It may be interesting to consider how some of the familiar English poets compare in their capacity for fulfilling the part of painter to the eyes of the mind.

A visitor to a gallery of great pictures will hardly fail to observe that amongst painters themselves there is a marked difference in response to the stimulus of visible objects. He will also observe that different individual artists have characteristic and widely differing preferences of subject. The Dutch school, with their trees and farmhouses and meadows; Turner with his seascapes; and the Florentines with their stained-glass window subjects,

might seem to have lived in separate worlds. Some artists prefer sunshine and some twilight; some a wide expanse of view, and some a close study of detail. Some, but very few, show a wide catholicity in their treatment of Nature. The poet, as painter, has a limitless scope for descriptive imagery; but, like the knights of the brush, he is not infrequently more gifted in one respect, or more inclined to one style, than another.

The word-picture has a supreme advantage over the canvas or marble picture in that it can be made to move. *The Ancient Mariner*, which imprints most vivid scenes upon the retinæ of the mind, is like a magnificently coloured cinematographic film. Kaleidoscopic speed is a feature of *How They Brought The Good News From Ghent To Aix*, where the Flemish countryside and villages flash past the mind's eye with bewildering rapidity. Changes of light and colour are also possible, and can be made either gradual or sudden at the will of the artist. Contrast the two following representations of the change from day to night :

> Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
> Had in her sober livery all things clad;
> Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
> They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
> Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
> She all night long her amorous descant sung;
> Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
> With living sapphires : Hesperus that led
> The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
> Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
> Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
> And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Compare the slow, stately, imperceptibly changing twilight, and the gradual deepening of the blackness of night, so perfectly depicted here, with the tropical swiftness of—

> The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
> At one stride comes the dark.

The range of pictorial art in poetry is almost unlimited, but it will be sufficient for the purposes of this article to recall a few definite and well-known mental pictures, for comparison with little or no comment. Such images cannot be said to fall into distinct classes, but an artificial

selection of convenient categories will facilitate comparison. A rough division into, say, familiar natural landscapes, portraits, and rare scenes of exceptional brilliance, will perhaps simplify this peep at the poetical gallery.

It is, of course, impossible to read any poetry without forming mental pictures, but there is a difference between verse which leaves the pictorial detail to the imagination of the reader, and that which seeks to imprint upon his mind a definite scene. Readers of the *Nonnes Preestes Tale* would doubtless all form some mental picture of the delightful farmyard where dwelt Chaunteclere and Pertelote; but such pictures would differ, and depend more upon the visualizing whim of the reader than upon the deliberate intent of Chaucer. Chaunteclere himself, however, is drawn in quite clear and unmistakable lines. The view which met Cortes as he stood silent upon the peak in Darien is left entirely to the imagination, and no attempt is made to suggest the scene. But the lines,

> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

form a cameo of rural life.

The deliberate presentation of a recognizable landscape is well illustrated by the Miltonic verses :

> Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
> Whilst the landscape round it measures,
> Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
> Mountains on whose barren breast
> The labouring clouds do often rest;
> Meadows trim with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
> Towers and battlements it sees
> Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
> Where perhaps some beauty lies,
> The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

This does not present, as it may conceivably be meant to do, a living visual experience. Rather is it a tranquil landscape on a large canvas. The exquisite scene is quite still. To the writer, at any rate, these clouds seem very certainly to be at rest rather than labouring; the rivers and brooks do not sparkle; and the sheep, though

straying, are caught as by a camera, motionless as the wonderfully drawn trees and battlements. Contrast the lines:

> Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
> Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
> With ugly rack on his celestial face,
> And from the forlorn world his visage hide,

and the difference is at once apparent. This time the streams and even the meadows are *alive*. The picture cannot be imagined in terms of canvas, for it lives and moves and changes.

An intimate representation of the countryside, touching the mental sense of smell as well as sight, is here given by Mrs. Browning, who plants the observer plumb inside, and leaves him surrounded by, the scene:

> The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
> Impatient horns and tolerant churning-mouths
> 'Twixt dripping ash-boughs, hedgerows all alive
> With birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies
> Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
> And palpitated forth upon the wind;
> Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,
> Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills;
> And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
> And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
> And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
> Confused with smell of orchards.

Here, indeed, is very definite pictorial work, even further removed from the scope of the painter!

No two canvas pictures could provide a greater contrast in style of expression, or choice of natural scene, than the two following specimens, from the pen of Mr. Hardy in the first instance, and from that of Wordsworth in the second:

> I leant upon a coppice gate
> When frost was spectre-grey,
> And winter's dregs made desolate
> The weakening eye of day.
> The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
> Like strings of broken lyres,
> And all mankind that haunted nigh
> Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
    The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
    The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
    Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
    Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
    The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
    Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
    In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
    Upon the growing gloom.

* * * * * * *

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.

All poets do in greater or lesser degree attempt to convey definite mental pictures of natural scenery, earth, sea and sky. Some may be said to excel in landscape, some in seascape, and some, Shelley, for example, in skyscape. Such scenes have been depicted over and over again in a thousand moods and contours. But portraiture is not so common. Very rarely do Burns or Browning attempt to portray the actual lines of a human face or figure. Milton, despite the wealth of imagery with which

he adorns Paradise, gives but the barest outline to Adam and Eve.

> His fair large front and eye sublime declared
> Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
> She as a veil down to the slender waist
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore
> Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
> As the vine curls her tendrils, . . .

Hamlet's father, whose face we are perhaps not so anxiously eager to behold as those of our common ancestors, is portrayed more clearly:

> See what a grace was seated on his brow:
> Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
> A station like the herald Mercury,
> New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.
> A combination and a form, indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.

Chaucer, in addition to describing their characters in his inimitable style, draws many of his pilgrims to the life so far as dress and figure are concerned, but no face looks out from the lines. Although comparison from any other standpoint would be absurd, even Longfellow's village blacksmith is more easily visualized than any of the Canterbury pilgrims:

> His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
> His face is like the tan;
> His brow is wet with honest sweat,
> He earns whate'er he can,
> And looks the whole world in the face,
> For he owes not any man.

But the serious attempt to share the more advanced art of the portrait painter, by depicting human faces which *mean something*, is, though not unusual in prose, a comparative rarity in poetry. Keats seems to occupy a distinctive place in this respect. His faces have expression

and profound meaning. Where else are portraits like these to be found?

> Then I saw a wan face,
> Not pin'd by human sorrows, but bright-blanch'd
> By an immortal sickness which kills not;
> It works a constant change, which happy death
> Can put no end to; deathwards progressing
> To no death was that visage; it had past
> The lily and the snow; and beyond these
> I must not think now, though I saw that face.
> But for her eyes I should have fled away;
> They held me back with a benignant light,
> Soft, mitigated by divinest lids
> Half-closed, and visionless entire they seemed
> Of all external things; they saw me not,
> But in blank splendour beam'd, like the mild moon,
> Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not
> What eyes are upward cast.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
> How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
> Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
> There was a listening fear in her regard,
> As if calamity had but begun;
> As if the vanward clouds of evil days
> Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
> Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
> One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
> Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
> Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain.

These pictures of immortals are reminiscent of the art of G. F. Watts. Keats has peculiar ability in suggesting expression. The lines,

> But there were some who feelingly could scan
> A lurking trouble in his nether lip,
> And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
> Through his forgotten hands,

are typical of his unique style of treatment. Apart from his rare gift of representing character and expression, he is not behindhand in the simpler art of delineating features in themselves. Here is an example:

> Deep blue eyes—semi-shaded in white lids,
> Finish'd with lashes for more soft shade,
> Completed by her twin-arched ebon brows;

White temples, of exactest elegance,
Of even mould, felicitous and smooth—
Cheeks fashion'd tenderly on either side,
So perfect, so divine, that our poor eyes
Are dazzled with the sweet proportioning,
And wonder that 'tis so—the magic chance!
Her nostrils, small, fragrant, fairy-delicate;
Her lips—I swear no human bones e'er wore
So taking a disguise—you shall behold her!

A strikingly sharp contrast may be obtained by comparing Mrs. Browning's picture of coldest virginity, seen in clear and distinct outlines appropriate to the chilly scene, with Mr. Noyes's glimpse of a human siren, all blurred and hazy with the heat of passion :

She stood straight and calm,
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight
As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses; brown hair pricked with grey
By frigid use of life (she was not old,
Although my father's elder by a year),
A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines;
A close mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves
Or peradventure niggardly half-truths;
Eyes of no colour—once they might have smiled,
But never, never have forgot themselves
In smiling; cheeks, in which was yet a rose
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,
Kept more for ruth than pleasure—if past bloom,
Past fading also.

After contemplating this frigid lady it is almost a relief to turn to the other :

Her eyes, her perfumed hair, and her red mouth,
Her warm white breast, her civet-scented skin,
Swimming before him, in a piteous mist,
Made the lad drunk, and—she was in his arms.

On passing, after an all too hasty glance around, from the portrait gallery to the studies of unusual scenes of gorgeous imagery, we find that the greater poets have a virtual monopoly in this connection. Shakespeare, a master of each school, is particularly conspicuous in this

gallery of rich and brilliant hues. See Cleopatra in her barge come sailing down the river Cydnus :

> The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
> Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten gold;
> Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
> The winds were love-sick with them : the oars were silver;
> Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
> The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
> As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
> It beggar'd all description. She did lie
> In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
> O'er picturing that Venus, where we see
> The fancy outwork Nature : On each side of her
> Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,
> With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
> To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
> And what they undid, did.

Shelley, too, is a marvellous artist of this class, and can depict almost supernatural beauty with a power far beyond that of the brush. Here we pass from the Cydnus to the open sea, where another breathless experience awaits us :

> Thou who did'st waken from his summer dreams,
> The blue Mediterranean where he lay,
> Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
> Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
> And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
> Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
> All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
> So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! . . .

The blind Milton, with his inward-planted eyes, saw and told of countless "things invisible to mortal sight," and his *Paradise Lost*, like Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* of still more amazing imagery, contains a thousand wondrous and colourful "pictures," shown in a light "that never was on sea or land." Eve's bower is a rich and lovely sight.

> The roof
> Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
> Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
> Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
> Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
> Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower
> Iris all hues, roses, and gessamin

Rear'd high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more colour'd then with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here
Beast, bird, insect, or worm durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man.

Spenser has many exhibits here, including his gentle equestrian knight,

Pricking on the plain,
Ycald in mighty arms and silver shield,

but more attention will be demanded by the work of the artist Keats. In his *Ode to a Nightingale* he is able, musing over the bird's song, to suggest, with lightest touch, two artistic gems within the compass of five lines; though here there are, of course, no definite outlines:

Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

It is not difficult to imagine an adequate representation, on canvas, of Ruth standing in the corn; and it is conceivable that a great artist might make some approximation to the delicate imagery of the magic casements opening on the foam; but who could reproduce the never-to-be-equalled Grecian Urn? Or who could do justice to the vision thus described?

My quick eyes ran on
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bow'rs of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paned lustrous long arcades.
Anon rushed by the bright Hyperion:
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared.

The Eagle's Tower

By C. D. Brunton

"Sit down, Captain de Merrival, and I shall explain your mission," said the Chief of Police, pointing to a chair by his desk. Unfolding a map he studied it for some time and then, placing his finger upon it, turned to the young cavalryman.

"You see this place marked Kalaat-en-Nisr?" he asked. "That is your objective. It is a small hamlet dominated by an old castle standing on one of the northern spurs of Mount Hermon. It is the home of Kasim Bey, the notorious old chief who has recently given us much trouble. Since we occupied Damascus we have had many reports of his intrigues. He is a sort of feudal lord with a taste for brigandage. I dare say you have heard of him since you have been attached to the gendarmerie?"

De Merrival had, indeed, listened to many tales of Kasim Bey's exploits, which, but for the manifold tasks confronting the new French administration in Syria, would long ago have entailed his arrest.

"His most recent action," continued the Chief, "has been to drive out the kaimakam of Kefr Shems, declaring that he will not recognize officials who serve the French administration. We must put an end to his effrontery, and I have chosen you to carry out his arrest. It is no easy task which you have to perform, as you no doubt realize, for I cannot spare you a large force. Select twenty gendarmes, men who know the district if possible, and make your dispositions to arrive at Kalaat-en-Nisr to-morrow. Report again when your arrangements are complete, and remember that secrecy is of the utmost importance, for Kasim has his spies in Damascus."

Captain de Merrival rose, clicked his heels, and turned to leave the room, when the Chief called him back.

"You must rely more upon your wits than upon force. On no account involve yourself in a situation which might entail heavy casualties and from which it might become necessary to extricate you. We cannot spare men at present, as you know."

De Merrival's habitually care-free face was unwontedly thoughtful as he strode down the steps into the street. He fully realized the difficulty of the task in front of him, but he was young, keen, and resourceful,

and two years' service in Morocco had inured him to adventurous missions. He lost no time in sending for his Arab sergeant, Ahmed Chaoush, a grizzled veteran who had served through many campaigns in the Turkish army. This man, whom he thoroughly trusted, had much to tell him regarding the notorious Kasim Bey, whose father before him had established himself in the old half-ruined castle and became in fact, if not in name, the ruler of the surrounding district. Kasim, who was now himself an old man, had proved more than worthy of his sire, and many were the tales current of his daring exploits and cunning stratagems. His only son, who had just reached manhood and who was the apple of his father's eye, bade fair, so rumour said, to carry on the family tradition. In spite of his exactions and occasional harsh and even cruel actions, Kasim Bey was generally held in esteem as well as awe by the peasantry of the region. So much did de Merrival elicit from Ahmed Chaoush.

That night his plans were completed by a silent and sudden descent upon the house of Kasim's agent in Damascus, for, if the lord of Eagle's Castle were forewarned, de Merrival's chances of carrying out his mission successfully would be small indeed. In a house in the Meidan quarter he found Selim Kubesi, the agent, along with two of the Bey's followers. These proved to be an old retainer and a youth, who were on the point of setting out for Kalaat-en-Nisr. Whether or not they knew of the preparations against their master it was impossible to discover, and de Merrival arrested all these men and placed them in safe custody as a necessary precaution.

In the chill air of a late December dawn the small cavalcade rode out of the city, and soon, leaving the streams and gardens of Mezzeh behind, proceeded to skirt the bare hills on the way to Katana. In front Mount Hermon reared his majestic bulk and snow-clad summit, which glistened in the morning sun. De Merrival already knew part of the district which they were about to traverse, having twice undertaken expeditions in search of the small Syrian bear which still inhabits the more inaccessible portions of the hills. After three hours' riding the small troop began to follow a tortuous bridle-path which led into the higher hills, a desolate region devoid of human habitation, and where the only sign of life was an occasional eagle circling high above some

rocky summit. The bright, early morning had soon given place to an overcast and leaden sky, which, combined with an icy wind, foreboded a heavy fall of snow.

It was noon ere de Merrival came in sight of his objective, a few houses high up a rocky hillside and surmounted by the half-ruined but massive walls of an ancient castle. His scouts brought in two peasants who were ploughing the stony soil not far from the path. Questioned as to the presence of Kasim Bey, they answered sullenly that they knew nothing. Under the stern eye of Ahmed Chaoush, however, they ended by admitting that they had heard it rumoured, when they left the hamlet at dawn, that the Bey intended to ride over to Kefr Shems, some seven miles distant. As de Merrival at length approached Kalaat-en-Nisr he sent two scouts to bring the headman to him, while others were dispatched to occupy positions commanding the hamlet. The *mukhtar*, or headman, proved to be a sullen individual, who saluted the French officer with ill-concealed dislike. He declared that Kasim Bey had ridden out early that morning with a few horsemen towards Kefr Shems, where business would detain him for that night. It did not take long to search the poor dwellings of the hamlet, and de Merrival then proceeded up the rocky path which led to the old castle. This building, upon closer inspection, appeared to be of medieval Saracenic construction, and though partly in ruins still possessed stout outer walls and one tower almost intact. A great wooden door had been made to fit the gateway, and by this stood some of the Bey's servants and retainers, who, though they scowled at the French uniform, made no attempt to prevent a search of their master's stronghold. Vaulted chambers, narrow passages, crumbling stairways, and dark store-rooms were all carefully explored. A tall and powerful negro servant accompanied the party. When they came to the tower he paused and said something to Ahmed Chaoush. The latter turned to de Merrival and explained that it was here that Kasim Bey had his living-rooms, in one of which were the women of his household. The young officer knew well the extreme sensitiveness of Moslem feeling regarding their women, but he dared not risk the possibility of a ruse. In spite, therefore, of the protests of the negro he mounted the worn stone steps which led to several chambers, in one of which he found

three or four women huddled together and closely veiled. He ordered these to display their hands, though even this was obviously resented by both the women and the attendant. Satisfied that no man was concealed under the heavy *habbarahs*, de Merrival turned his attention to the guest room. It was a long, vaulted room, into which light penetrated through two narrow windows sunk in the thickness of the walls. The stone-flagged floor was partially covered with beautiful Persian carpets which also served as covers for a low divan which ran round the walls. The view from the tower must have been superb under normal conditions, but as the young Frenchman glanced out of the nearest window he was dismayed to see that the whole landscape was obliterated by a swirling cloud of snowflakes. The storm had broken suddenly, and icy gusts of wind drove the snow in blinding showers against the glass. De Merrival threw himself down upon the divan to think out the situation. Kasim Bey was not to be found at Kalaat-en-Nisr, but whether he had gone to Kefr Shems or further afield, and whether he had been warned of his impending arrest it was still impossible to tell. The plan which commended itself to de Merrival was to proceed to Kefr Shems at once, but the weather had intervened, and it was out of the question to follow the rough mountain path across a rocky country broken by deep ravines, in a blinding snow-storm. Much against his will he decided that there was nothing for it but to pass the night where he was. It was now late in the afternoon and premature darkness was already falling as he strode down the steep path to the village to make arrangements for the comfort of his men and animals. The whole force was soon transferred to the castle, where stabling in the old vaulted chambers opening off the courtyard was found for the horses, while the men were accommodated in a room near the gateway, which doubtless served of old as the guardroom of the fortress. The young officer ordered the headman to provide a sheep and a quantity of rice from the Bey's stores, and three hours later the gendarmes were enjoying a plentiful repast. He decided to occupy the reception room for the night. There he summoned the sergeant, and, after giving orders as to the posting of sentries, questioned him about the probable whereabouts of Kasim Bey.

"I do not think that he knew of our coming, Effendi, but news of our arrival here will soon reach Kefr Shems. If the Bey is there he would ride eastwards to the Lejja, and then *ma-es-selameh*—good-bye to all chance of taking him."

"We cannot hope to reach Kefr Shems before news of us does," remarked de Merrival.

"True, Effendi, the road will be impassable to-morrow morning, and we could only reach the place by the track which goes round by Modan."

They discussed the matter for some time, and as there seemed no prospect of the direct route being practicable, de Merrival decided to start at dawn on the much longer, but easier, road to Kefr Shems.

A charcoal brazier and two small lamps had been brought into the room by the negro and helped somewhat to dispel the gloom which pervaded it. Dinner was served by the same attendant and was followed by excellent coffee and cigarettes. Outside, the storm seemed to have increased in violence, and, despite the thickness of the walls, the wind, as it beat against the tower, filled the room with a sound like the roaring of surf upon a rocky coast. De Merrival sitting close by the lamps spent some time studying his pocket-map, but soon becoming drowsy he lay down upon the divan, wrapped in his great coat, and fell asleep.

How long he had slept he could not tell, when he awoke with a sudden start. Opposite him on the other divan sat a stranger, a tall figure wrapped in a black cloak, and whose features were hidden by the folds of his *keffiyeh*, or head-scarf, of the same colour. De Merrival's first instinct was to spring to his feet, but he restrained himself and quietly slipped his hand to his holster. It was empty. The young officer possessed more than his share of coolness in face of an emergency, but this sinister apparition and his now defenceless position gave him a momentary feeling of dread. Outwardly he remained calm and collected as he raised himself from the divan and sat upright facing the silent figure opposite. As he did so there was a faint sound in the shadows beyond the lamplight, and he distinguished the tall form of the negro standing by the door. The stranger rose to his feet, and at the same time the folds of his *keffiyeh* fell away disclosing a pair of piercing eyes set in a dark face, whose

hawk-like features, although unknown to de Merrival, yet seemed in some way familiar. The silence was broken by the deep tones of a powerful voice which addressed him in Arabic.

"Thou thoughtest to trap an eagle, but it is the eagle which has made thee his prey. Listen! I hate the French as the invaders of my country and the destroyers of our independence. I shall never yield to their rule. To-morrow I ride with my men to the East to join the tribes in warfare against them." He paused, and then continued:

"I was returning from Kefr Shems when one of my men, who escaped unperceived, brought me news of thy coming. There are ways of entering this castle which thou knowest not, and thy men are now prisoners like thyself, for the sentries were easily surprised and overpowered. To-morrow thy men shall be stripped and driven out as a warning to others not to serve our enemies. They, however, are only tools." Kasim Bey's fierce eyes met those of de Merrival. "Thou, I shall hang from the window of this tower, and thy body will remain to welcome those who come in search of thee."

The young officer answered nothing. He had failed in his mission, and his capture and ignominious fate might cause the whole region to rise against the French. For a moment black despair filled his mind. But it was only for a moment. With outward calm he looked Kasim Bey in the eyes, and his own were steady as he spoke.

"Kill me, a defenceless prisoner, if thou likest, but know that I shall be avenged." As his gaze rested upon the other's face it grew puzzled as if trying to recollect the answer to some question.

"Useless words," replied Kasim Bey as he turned and left the room. The tall negro stood motionless on guard, a revolver in his hand.

De Merrival possessed the faculty, essential in a good soldier, of coming to a quick decision. He now made up his mind that as a last desperate chance he would attack the negro, before the Bey could return with others of his men, and either obtain possession of the revolver or be shot in the attempt. Such a death would be preferable to hanging, and there was always a slender chance of success. His eyes wandered in search of a possible weapon

and lighted upon an old sword hanging on the wall not far from where he sat. The negro remained silent, half-hidden in the gloom. With a bound de Merrival reached the sword and tore it down. At the same instant the negro fired, and the ball flattened itself against the wall above the Frenchman's head. As a second report rang out he sent the two lamps crashing on to the stone floor. In the darkness which followed he paused to hear the movements of his antagonist. For a moment he waited thus, listening to a faint and stealthy sound and trying to judge in which direction it was moving. Then, to his chagrin, the door opened suddenly and was shut again, with the sound of a key turning in the lock. He was foiled, for they could shoot him down from the doorway when it grew light, perhaps only disable him, so as to hang him, as the Bey had threatened. He turned towards the window, but the night was pitch black and he could discern nothing. The storm roared unabated, but his watch told him that dawn would soon appear. The sound of the door made him turn quickly. Kasim Bey stood in the doorway, his face illuminated by the light of a lantern held high by one of three armed men who accompanied him. An expression of mingled surprise and anger overspread his hawk-like features. In a flash de Merrival's memory conjured up the face of the youth whom he had arrested in the house of the Bey's agent in Damascus. Kasim Bey strode into the room followed by his men, who covered the Frenchman with their revolvers. De Merrival stood facing them, one hand resting on the curved sword.

"Kasim Bey," he said in a calm voice, "dismiss thy men. I wish to tell thee my terms for thy surrender." For a moment the other stared almost in astonishment, then he replied with his usual emotionless voice:

"Thou art not a coward, Frenchman. The Arabs love courage, even in their enemies, but thy death has been decided, for thus we shall rouse the people against the foreign invaders."

"Listen, Kasim Bey. Thou darest not kill me. Thy son is my hostage," said de Merrival quietly.

The old chief started and his eyes flashed in anger as he exclaimed, "Thou liest! My son would now be here had not the storm delayed his return from Damascus."

"Summon my sergeant and question him concerning the youth whom we arrested in the house of Selim Kubesi. Thy doubts will be dispelled." The tone was so confident that the Bey was obviously impressed. Turning to one of his men he gave some instructions, and the fellow saluted and left the room. Silence reigned for some ten minutes. At last the messenger returned and whispered in the Bey's ear. He turned to the French officer. "I believe that what thou sayest is true," he said, "and since my son is thy prisoner and hostage thy life is safe. Send thy sergeant with a letter to the Commandant in Damascus for the release of my son and I shall liberate thee and thy men upon his safe arrival here."

"Not so, oh Bey," replied de Merrival. "I do not accept thy terms, but thou must on the contrary submit to mine. Thou hast only one son, but the French army has many officers such as I. If thou refusest my conditions thou mayest still kill me, but thy son's life is the forfeit, and thou and thy people will be hunted down."

Kasim Bey sat silent, deep in anxious thought. At length he asked: "What are thy terms?"

"That thou goest with me to surrender thyself to the Commandant in Damascus. Thy son's life is safe upon my word as an officer. If thou wilt guarantee to refrain from all opposition to our administration I shall do all that I can to obtain pardon for thyself."

The grey light of a wintry dawn had begun to penetrate into the gloomy chamber when at length Kasim Bey yielded. His surrender was due in no small measure to a growing esteem for his adversary.

Late in the afternoon de Merrival entered the office of the Chief of Police, accompanied by Kasim Bey.

"So you have brought in your brigand," remarked his superior as he glanced with interest at the tall figure of the prisoner.

"Pardon, *mon colonel*, I have brought you Kasim Bey, who seeks peace and desires our friendship."

A fleeting smile lit up the stern features of the senior officer.

"I see, Captain de Merrival, that you are a successful diplomatist as well as a good soldier. It is a useful combination. *Je vous en félicite.*"

New Thought in Golf—II

By P. A. Vaile

We may now consider driving, and it is in this branch of the game that we see creeping in what many will be inclined to consider daring innovations. Some of them, however, are used by such famous and successful players that it would be mere foolishness not to give them our most careful and respectful consideration.

The world, especially the world of sport, is much inclined to follow blindly the methods of success, even where the success is merely that of an individual, quite oblivious to the fact that his methods are absolutely personal to himself and utterly unsuited to the vast majority of players, who quite forget that in many cases a particular method may be the result of some natural idiosyncrasy developed by unceasing practice. Such form and style, although productive of excellent results in individual cases, and many of these in both tennis and golf could be cited, cannot be recommended for general practice, but when one sees quite a group of famous players using *the same new method and succeeding*, it is another matter.

Probably the outstanding new idea in driving is what I may call the modern head-brake in golf. This consists in not allowing the head to move until some considerable time, as time is measured in the golf-drive, after impact.

In considering this matter we must go back to the address. Most of the players who use the head-brake "sight" the ball at the moment of addressing it in a different manner from that of the ordinary driver. They look at the ball with the head sideways almost as though they were aiming down a rifle barrel at the ball. This naturally turns the head slightly away from the hole, and has the useful result of making the player keep his chin from hanging over his left shoulder, an error that distorts many an otherwise good stroke.

Aiming at the ball in this manner makes the chin come inside and nestle against the left shoulder, instead

of being above it, and this certainly is a point in favour of it, but this is merely the beginning of the idea.

In considering this method of "sighting" the ball we may with advantage call to mind the fact that, almost right throughout the realm of sport, when it comes to aiming at anything one wants to strike, a good performer almost invariably turns his head sideways so that his eyes are not equidistant from the object or objective which he is aiming at or trying to strike.

So, if one is shooting with any kind of a firearm, the head goes round almost involuntarily. As it is with firearms, so is it with the boy and his slingshot or catapult, and so also with an archer using a bow and arrow. Even in billiards the same thing is apparent. It is an unexplained phenomenon of sport and optics.

I mentioned it to the head of one of the leading eye colleges of America. He is a fairly good golfer, generally playing about the low eighties, and he said that the matter was extremely interesting to him, for it had never been raised. He has promised to see if he can find any explanation of it. My suggestion is that possibly it has something to do with correcting the influence of the master-eye, which is with most people, I think, the right.

That, again, is another matter, but it will be seen that, even so far as we have gone, the "rifle-sighters" have much in their favour.

The turning away of the head in this process of sighting is very pronounced in Bob MacDonald, Jock Hutchison, Bobby Jones, and Walter Hagen. And when one finds this quartet "solid" and unanimous on any point in golf form, it certainly is worth considering.

The aversion of the head from the hole does not stop at the point it is in at the address, but as the club is raised the head turns a little more still, so that at the top of the swing one has almost a "one-eyed" look at the ball. This is probably more pronounced in the case of Jock Hutchison than in the drive of the other three mentioned, but it is very plain in the work of all of them, as may be seen in their motion pictures.

Now we come to the great effect of this movement, for in the downward swing, and until well after impact, the position of the head is maintained, so that the arms

are allowed to travel at great speed *past the body*, which maintains its position so far as regards distance from the hole.

The pronounced effect of this remarkable head-brake is that it is practically impossible for the player to swing away inwards off the line of flight and across the ball. In other words, keeping the head back like this emphasizes *the sideways nature of the stroke at golf* in a most remarkable manner, and undoubtedly tends to keep the head of the club longer in the plane of the ball's proper flight to the hole than would be likely in the old method of letting the head go away with the ball, and looking on the spine as an axis whereon the body rotates in producing the stroke.

This is an innovation of such a marked character that it is almost impossible to exaggerate its claim to consideration, backed as it is by the practice of the famous players I have named and many others.

Let us, then, briefly consider the old teaching, and while doing so let us not forget that it was the teaching and *is* the teaching of great golfers like Braid, Taylor, Vardon, Duncan, and others, and that, so far as I know, they are still using it, as are countless hundreds of others, but neither golf, nor any other thing worth doing or thinking, stands still. This is 1926, and Hutchison, MacDonald, Jones, and Hagen are big names and great golfers, which makes the subject a very interesting and stimulating one to place before the golfers of the world, for it means nothing less than a radical change in the technique of the golf drive.

In "Modern Golf" (page 197), dealing with the period at and about impact I wrote: "I need scarcely say that the timing of the stroke—so that the head of the driver, which has been moving round your head in an inclined plane, runs into the line of flight of the ball, hits it truly, and then follows through in a true vertical plane—requires to be most accurate. In fact, so open to error is it that I feel almost sure that within a few years it will be recognized that it is not the most scientific stroke, and it may then be discarded for a drive which will remain for a much greater length of time in the plane of the ball's flight to the hole."

As we continue our examination of the modern head-brake and its concomitant actions, I am inclined to think that many will see in it the dawn of the new golf-drive, for it certainly has some very remarkable characteristics which seem to me to make for increased accuracy and length.

Chief among these, of course, is the fact that it holds the shoulders parallel with the line to the hole, and this in itself is of great importance, for it follows that this alone renders the player less likely to err in his direction.

Inextricably associated with the modern head-brake is something which sounds like an amazing statement to most golfers, and this is, that the downward swing in the golf-drive starts before the upward swing is completed.

This astonishing paradox is the explanation of the wonderful rhythm and beauty of the perfect golf stroke, as we shall see.

The start of the downward stroke is made by the left heel returning to the ground and the left hip being thrust forward toward the hole. This movement of the hips, for naturally they must move one with the other, and the action of the left heel take place before the head of the club has reached its *lowest* point, and often before the hands have reached their *highest* point. Naturally the bend of the shaft at the top of the swing accounts for some of this, but not all.

I mentioned this tentatively in "The New Golf," but I am now sure of it, and I may say I had it proved, without any special intention on my part to do so.

At the Bob-o-Link course, Chicago, one morning I was superintending the taking of some motion pictures of Bob MacDonald when I got the idea of taking one full series of pictures right down Bob's spine, and I communicated my "flash of inspiration" to him. He did not think much of it, and I had to be rather persistent about it.

"Go on, you obstinate old scamp," I said. "I took a 'still' of George Duncan from that position, and it was very good. You don't know what it will show us"; and he did not, nor did I.

It shows, beyond question, that the downward swing is started before the upward swing is completed. It

shows the left heel down and the hip thrust forward, as stated, before the head of the club has got to the lowest point of its swing, and it shows very clearly the backward—that is, away from the hole—reciprocatory movement of the shoulders.

This forward movement of the hips is one of the most elusive movements in the golf strokes. I have dealt with it in "The New Golf" fairly fully, but even then (1916) it will be seen that I speak without any attempt at dogmatism, for, frankly, I was not sure.

At page 133 I said: "I do not care to speak positively about this characteristic of Vardon's drive. The action is found in nearly every upright drive of good rhythm, so it would be useless to overlook it in an analysis of the golf stroke. Something, I think, it must add to the speed and also the accuracy of the stroke. It keeps the club more in line with the hole. It makes the player hit more under his body; in other words, gets his back muscles into the stroke, and it seems as though it gives more scope for the right-hand "punch." In Vardon's case I think that it gives his right arm, which he carries fairly wide of his body, every opportunity to get all the speed possible out of it by coming through with the blow delivered for a long distance in the line to the hole."

"For a long distance in the line to the hole" is the foundation of the modern drive. The head-brake, plus the hip action, puts the body under such control that it is impossible to do any curling or swinging around one's spine until the stroke is practically finished. To put it very succinctly, they eliminate the old mowing stroke that was always fighting to come inwards off the line to the hole at the first possible opportunity, and thus compel the head of the club to go on after the ball toward the hole, which is the only right and scientific track for it to follow.

Now, we have shown that the downward stroke starts before the club has completed the upward swing. It is this remarkable fact that enables the golfer to get the rhythm into his stroke that would be impossible were it really a case of "as you go up, so you come down," just like a schoolmaster caning a boy, which it most emphatically is not.

Accurate motion pictures of a perfect golf-drive will show that the head of the club is never coinciding, on the downward stroke, with the track of the upward, and that there is no cessation of the action of the head of the club at the top of the swing before it starts to return to the ball. The track of the club-head will be found to be a continuous series of curves, and instead of the return line, say, for the first few inches, coinciding with the upward swing, *we shall find a loop* or *continuous flowing motion.*

This loop is caused by the hip action, which sets up the reciprocating shoulder motion, and, as the club-head is coming to the lowest point in its swing, naturally drags it sideways, so that the resultant of the downward and sideward motions goes into an arc which duly extends into the loop at the top of the swing.

This is the explanation of the beautiful flowing motion of the golf-drive. It never ceases from the time it starts until it has finished, and it never travels over the same track except in crossing or for the briefest possible period, and the replacing of the left heel, the protrusion of the left hip and the "loop" of the head of the club *form the liaison* between the upward and the downward swing.

There is, when we view the drive of our famous quartet, another outstanding characteristic that is quite foreign to the generally accepted teaching, and that is the straight left arm practically from address to impact. They all do it, but Vardon, Braid, Taylor, Duncan, and Ray won around eighteen Open British Championships *without doing it*, and I would ask anyone who desired to strike a back-handed blow, which is what the left hand does in golf, How could it best be done—from the elbow or the shoulder? The latter is what the straight left arm reduces us to. There can be but one answer from the anatomical standpoint, and that is, use the elbow-joint.

I have argued this matter with Bob MacDonald, probably the greatest golf student and teacher in the world, and he is not dogmatic about absolute straightness at the top of the swing, but he maintains that the aim must be to keep the left arm well extended to prevent

an undue crumpling in of the elbows toward the body at that most important point, the top of the swing. Possibly, also, there is something in this straight left arm that fits into the scheme of the modern head-brake and makes for greater accuracy than if one follows the conventional method of allowing the elbows to flex naturally at the top of the swing.

There is this, at least, in favour of the straight left arm, and that is, that taking the left shoulder as the general centre of the swing and using the right almost entirely as the operative force, which is what the straight left arm connotes more than in the conventional swing, one should have a more accurate gauge from centre to ball than with both arms flexed.

Lest anyone thinks that I am ascribing too much power to the right hand and arm when the straight left arm is used, I may perhaps tell what George Duncan told an interviewer who asked his opinion when I attacked and exploded, in London, the old idea of the dominance of the left hand and arm in the drive.

Said George: "When I read Mr. Vaile's article I took out a dozen balls and drove them with my right hand alone nearly as far and as straight as I could with two hands. Then I tried what I could do with my left hand alone, used as in the golf drive, and I found that I could not get any length or direction at all. That settles the matter so far as I am concerned."

Let anyone who thinks the straight left arm, *of itself*, is better than the conventional method, extend this experiment. I know that the result will be more emphatic than Duncan's test was, *and against the straight left arm.*

We must, however, remember that this is 1926, and that we have Hutchison, MacDonald, Jones, and Hagen to reckon with, and, although I am certain of what I have said, so far, that does not necessarily prove that the comparatively impotent straight left is not a more accurate and valuable component part of the modern head-brake and hip combination drive, for, be it remembered, the left always has been comparatively impotent in the golf drive, although it took years to persuade golfers of that fact. So it may be that in this

straight left arm we are not throwing away much, and are gaining something that has not yet been adequately explained.

It would, indeed, seem that the comparatively straight left arm provides the right hand, in the downward stroke, with a more stable fulcrum, if one may use the term, alongside which to develop its power in the unbending of the angle between the club and the arm, whence comes the chief power in the golf stroke; but of this there is more to be said. In the meantime it is unquestionably a subject for thought, discussion, and experiment.

Intimately associated with the modern head-brake in the drive is the pronounced tendency to restrict the length of the upward swing. This must tend to greater accuracy, and to produce a sounder, more compact stroke, which is much to be desired, for the swing in the golf drive has been, for many years, quite the most exaggerated and wasteful stroke in the whole realm of sport.

In a recent issue of "Golf Illustrated" (London) Harold Hilton writes:

> Watching the players performing in the open championship at Hoylake, and throwing one's mind back a matter of twenty-five or thirty years, one could not but be impressed with the very marked change which has taken place in relation to the swing of the club. There was the old-time saying: "Yes, he has the true St. Andrews swing—full and free," and the man who was capable of flinging the club round his neck until it finished the upward journey away beyond the horizontal position was in those days considered to be a golfer who was well blessed in respect to the necessary physical attributes for the playing of the game.
>
> But during recent times it has become a little evident that he cannot have been quite as freely blessed as he was considered to be, as amongst the recognized leading golfers playing at Hoylake it was an extremely difficult task to detect any player who was swinging the club beyond the horizontal position, and there were not many who in the backward swing prevailed upon the club to even reach this horizontal position. In the days of old these men who swung the club just short of the horizontal would have been termed short-swingers; in the days of the present they must be classed as members of the long-swinging brigade.
>
> There can be but little doubt that as the years pass by a player is naturally inclined, no doubt through the necessity of his less flexible joints and muscles, to curtail the freedom and abandon of his swing; but, on the other hand, it is very noticeable that the present generation of players do not wait for advancing years to attack them before they shorten their backward swing. They curtail all excessive freedom at

the time when they are still young and lissom, and, personally, I consider that they are wise in doing so, as a short swing undoubtedly tends to accuracy. But, on the other hand, there is always a danger of curtailing the freedom in too great a degree, and I have come across golfers who have developed the cult of the short swing to such a degree that they have almost ruined their game. There is moderation in all things, and the man who takes his club back beyond the horizontal is probably asking for trouble—there is not any gain in swinging so far back as this.

In "The New Golf" (1916) I devoted a special chapter to "The Short Swing," emphasizing its value, especially to elderly men and those who had taken to golf late in life. I said: "This stroke is not an obsolete stroke. It is a stroke of which no man need be ashamed. It is specially suitable for old men and stout people, and when playing it they need not pity themselves for their lack of form. Rather let them congratulate themselves on being pioneers, for ere long many thousands will be following their example."

The thousands are coming into the fold now. It is another illustration of the benefit of fresh thought, and the old, ridiculously exaggerated upward swing is now rarely seen except among those who cannot play golf and never will until they abandon it.

We have elsewhere referred to the ancient fallacy: "As you go up, so you come down." It was in this connection that I "sprang a new one" on Bob MacDonald once.

We were discussing the two planes in the upward swing wherein the plane of the rotation of the shoulders cuts across the inclined plane of the club, or, possibly, to be more correct, vice versa.

"There are distinctly two planes in the upward swing, are there not?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Bob.

"And they are all agreed that 'as you go up, so you come down,' but nobody with any sense would dare to say that there are *two planes* in the *downward* swing," and Bob thoughtfully agreed with me, which causes the thought: "Is it *essential* that there *shall* be two planes in the upward stroke?"

I have heard of one professional, a very fine player, although not quite in the first flight, who is said to drop his left shoulder right at the start of his upward swing

and to go up and come down in practically one and the same plane. There is certainly some room for thought here.

It is a remarkable thing that there is not one leading golfer in the world who is a master of backspin off the wood. The drive with backspin deliberately applied is the master shot in golf. A few, a very few, professionals get it with their irons, but the recent ruling about excessive marking of the face of the club has spoiled quite a few of them, so far as regards this shot, in a way that it need not have done. An application of soft metal, such as solder, to the face of iron clubs, plus some reasonable marking, will give all the grip of the old-time, murderous saw-edge lines, and will not ruin the balls. It is merely "chalking the cue" in another way.

But to return to backspin with the wooden clubs, we may say that it is not surprising that even professionals cannot consistently play the shot, for the modern driver is utterly unsuitable for it. Remarkable as it may seem, the face of the driver is not as deep as the diameter of the ball!

When one considers that the ball is usually driven from a tee, and that the club always, in a skilful hand, goes very close to the turf, it is not surprising that the ball has no room *to roll upward* on the face of the club *as it must do* to get any backspin on it. The tendency now is to make the face of the club deeper, and it must go still further before a mastery of backspin from the tee is acquired.

In this connection a most interesting experiment was recently made by Major H. D. Gillies, the famous surgeon, who is almost as well known as a golfer, having won the St. George Cup, and played as an international in Scotland and England.

He is a New Zealander, and belonged to the same club as I did in Auckland many years ago. His brother, the late Charles Edward Stuart Gillies, was responsible for starting me at golf, yet, strangely enough, I never even spoke to "Harold." He was just one of the kids, but a fine player even then, when he was about sixteen, but we did not, in those days, at least, take so much notice of the "kids" as they do to-day.

Major Gillies played with tees varying in height from five inches to fifteen inches, and with a driver about two-and-a-half inches deep, and the same from heel to toe, and he drove a fine, long, low, straight ball, and nobody knew "what he was getting at," and, like him, he did not say.

Now, needless to say, Major Gillies had a definite idea in what he was doing, and, personally, I cannot see any reason for it whatever except that by means of his high tee and large face he was able to get more backspin, which is of the essence of the longest ball in golf.

It stands to reason that the higher the tee, within reason, the more chance there is of going *downwards across the line of flight of the ball* and so producing backspin, and it is equally obvious that the deep face of his club allowed the ball ample room to roll upwards during the period of adhesion.

In all of my major works on golf I have pointed this out, and have advocated a high tee for a low ball, which was quite opposed to current thought, but some of the eading professionals are now adopting it.

Almost needless to say, when I spoke of a high tee, I did not mean anything like five inches, let alone fifteen inches. And, to be perfectly frank, I cannot see any advantage in such excess. What I had in mind was anything round three-quarters of an inch to an inch-and-a-quarter, and I do not think that much, if any, advantage can be gained by going beyond this.

Major Gillies' tee consisted of a piece of wood with a spike in it, which he planted on the teeing-ground, and whereon he put a section of rubber hose, which served as the tee proper.

If his experiment has done nothing else, it will serve to direct attention to the fact that a low ball can be driven from a high tee and, in time, it will probably lead to professionals using a reasonably high tee and a face of sensible depth, and so being able to produce consistently the most beautiful ball in golf, the wind-cheater, the drive with backspin.

And, speaking of backspin, I am reminded of a great piece of advice once given by Sandy Herd. He advocated putting a spare ball down ten inches nearer the hole

than one's own ball, and trying to hit it in the follow through of one's drive from the tee. Well, it seems to me that ten inches is stretching it a little, but I have often advised players, in order to correct slicing or topping, to put a large safety-match in the ground four to six inches ahead of their ball, and to play to knock it over, increasing the distance until they cannot hit it. This will straighten out any drive and will, moreover, teach a player how to get backspin off his wooden clubs, an invaluable acquisition to anyone, yet far easier and simpler to get than most people will believe. I may mention that I am dependent on Press reports for my information as to Major Gillies' unique experiment. The great interest it caused was a remarkable tribute to new thought.

There have been many spirited arguments as to how the club should be started on the upward swing, some contending that this is effected mainly by the left hand and arm, others asserting vehemently that it is the province of the right, and minute instructions are given to the unfortunate player as to how to apportion his force between the contending factors!

The plain truth is that both statements are quite wrong. It is *the left knee* which starts the club away from the ball on its upward swing. If you do not believe this take up your position as in the address. Make up your mind to hold your hands and arms in exactly that position, relatively to your body, for half a minute. Now let your left knee sink inward toward the ball, and allow your left heel to come up slightly from the ground, as it naturally will.

This movement, you will see, has turned your right shoulder away from the ball, and has brought your left shoulder nearer to it. Look now where your club has gone to in the upward swing, absolutely without any movement of the hands or arms, *independent of the body*.

You will see that the shaft of your club, instead of being in a plane, at a right angle to the intended line of flight, is now in a vertical plane, almost parallel with the line to the hole. This is a most graphic lesson on the excessive amount of independent hand and arm movement, that generally accompanies the start of the stroke,

and all too frequently leaves its evil effect on it throughout its whole course. For you will see, by following these instructions, that you have practically arrived at the secondary portion of the upward swing, in a perfectly correct position, and have moved the club-head through an arc of about three feet *actually without moving your hands or arms*. Of course, in a well-played drive, this movement is so blended into the whole action of the upward swing that there is no sign of stiffness. Moreover, when one has acquired this important matter of fundamental technique one may, and, indeed, many good players do, allow a perfectly natural and free movement of the hands, arms, and wrists to be taking place *within this body movement*, if I may so express it.

The old teaching of all the famous golfers was that, at the top of the swing, the weight had to be on the right foot. Notwithstanding this we were told that, at the address, the weight was to be equally distributed between the feet, and that, thereafter, the head and the hips must not sway, that is, retreat from the hole. This naturally fixed one's position as to the feet, the right hip, and the head, yet, by some recondite means, one was supposed, at the top of the swing, to have transferred one's weight to the right leg. Of course this was a physical impossibility, and no modern instructors of any position now attempt to maintain the old "tradition." They favour, what is probably the truth, that, at the top of the swing, there is a little more weight on the left than on the right, but, in this connection, they are practically unanimous in one piece of bad teaching that goes actually to the root of the golf-swing.

They all advise and instruct the player to bear what weight there is on the left foot on the side of it in the region of the big toe. One famous golfer, indeed, by diagram, shows the slice whereon the weight should rest. This, according to him, is the length of the big toe and about half its width.

The truth in this most important point is that the weight should, so far as possible, be distributed *squarely across the ball of the foot and all the toes*. So, and only so, can one take a proper hold of the ground with the left foot at the top of the swing, and, in this manner alone,

can one properly bear the amount of weight that the left should be called on fairly to sustain.

To put it so graphically that there cannot be any misunderstanding, we may say that the player must look on his left foot from the ball of the big toe, right across, and forward of, that line, as *the anchor of the golf swing*, the *one fixed and immovable* part of the whole golfing machinery. He must think of it as though a long nail were driven through every joint of all his toes so that any movement of the ball of the foot and the toes is impossible. This naturally connotes the other important point that once the angle of the left foot to the line of flight has been settled, it must never leave it, the movement of the heel being merely up and down.

There will, possibly, on account of the weight of the body being between the legs, be slightly more pressure on the inner side of the foot, but there must be no conscious effort to put it there. There would probably be more than there is, were it not for the fact that there is some torsional movement of the left foot, between the ball of the foot and the ankle, which enables the forward part of the foot to remain more squarely and flatly on the ground than it otherwise could.

Much of the old teaching preached the straight right leg at the top of the swing. It is beginning to be realized that this is another of the "traditions" of the game that must go, and most of the best teachers have discarded the idea. If you have ever pitched ball or boxed, it will be unnecessary to tell you that you would be quite ineffective "off a straight hind leg." Well, in golf, as in pitching or boxing, the great punch comes from the earth, via the "hind leg," that is, the one farthest from the objective, and so through the body to the arms, and it will prove an extremely poor transmitter unless it is bent enough to get the power into it as it straightens out.

We have seen, in the few matters touched on, how much room there is in the great game of golf for original thought, for further study and experiment, and we may confidently look forward to much scientific development in some of them.

Probably the most important purely mechanical

change will be in the advanced knowledge of the value and application of pure backspin, and, in this connection, it may be well to say that sound students of the game are now beginning to realize that loft alone will not give the serviceable backspin of golf, even off iron, and still less off wood, where the loft is, of course, much less. Backspin, to be effective, can only be obtained by playing the correct stroke, even as one gets the desired spin of the slice or the pull.

It would, indeed, simplify golf immeasurably if one could have a club that would give him backspin. If this were feasible, we could build clubs for all spins, and just hit toward the hole, and the slice or pull would come automatically!

It may seem to some unnecessary to emphasize this point, but very great scientists, such as the late Professor Tait and, more recently, Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, the distinguished British physicist, have fallen into this error.

In his famous lecture on "The Dynamics of the Golf Ball," before The Royal Institution of Great Britain, the most learned body in England, Professor Thomson deliberately commits himself to this theory. I have fully analysed and refuted it in "The Soul of Golf" and "The New Golf," and players now recognize that it is wrong, but it is important that, in one of the chief channels of new thought in golf, there should be no misapprehension on this point, for I cannot say too emphatically that, in a complete understanding of, and ability to use, backspin, will be found the super-golfer of the future, to whom, as will be quite apparent to those who love the game, we are marching with no uncertain tread.

This result is being, and, indeed, can only be, achieved by the scientific use of new thought in golf.

Food and Health*

By Dr. Mary Scharlieb

THE book which supplies the title of this article is priceless in more senses than one. We look in vain for any indication of the value attached to it by publishers or authors! Its outward appearance might suggest 1s. or 1s. 6d. as its commercial price, but a careful investigation of the contents leads to the conviction that it is worth ten times such an expenditure. The information conveyed is essential to national welfare, and it is conveyed in most natural and charming English. The type and "get-up" are admirable, and the whole *format* confers fresh distinction on the well-known firm who publish it.

We rose from the study of the little book with a long list in hand of the friends to whom we felt that it would be a treasure and a really acceptable gift.

The introduction consists of a brief and interesting sketch of the rise and decline of the fine art of feeding civilized man. We see primitive man with his fruits and vegetables, his "lucky finds" of eggs and honey, his precarious snaring and trapping of small mammals, birds, and fishes, and we see him lean, wiry, healthy. We follow his advance in hunting, fishing, cultivating, cooking, and storing. We share his difficulties in deciding how much stock he can hope to feed during the long, cold winter, and how many beasts he should kill, dry, and pickle to keep alive himself and his dependents, we admire his physique and sympathize with his anxieties. We shared them during the War.

The Golden Age, so far as feeding is concerned, is thought to have occurred between the middle of the seventeenth and the middle of the nineteenth centuries. Navigation had developed, and importation of foreign fruits, vegetables, and grains was feasible. Catharine of Aragon had taught us to eat green salads. Sir Walter

* "Food and Health," by R. H. A. Plimmer and Violet Plimmer. Longmans.

Raleigh had given us the invaluable potato (long used as food for pigs only). Oranges introduced into Mediterranean countries by the Portuguese adorned our forefathers' tables in the winter, and with the apple and the pear from Persia helped in their long and doubtful warfare with scurvy. The time had not yet come for the wholesale canning, tinning, and preserving to which some of our modern ills are referred by our authors. They tell us that Wellington's hero-armies were composed of good-looking, well-set-up men, with perfect teeth and powerful digestions, whereas our well-cared-for armies in the Great War lived to a large extent on white, over-milled flour, preserved meats and vegetables.

It may be doubted whether, as Dr. and Mrs. Plimmer hold, the priceless gift of abundant sugar is really responsible for the increased incidence of cancer and of diabetes, but there is no doubt that an *unbalanced* consumption of any foodstuff entails injury, and that, as we are instructed farther on, all classes of foods should be used in due proportion. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the present method of preparing wheat for bread-making and for many other forms of food is disastrous. The old method of stone-grinding crushed the grains, but preserved the essential parts—the germ and the layer immediately within the husk. The present-day grinding of wheat by steel rollers rejects the most valuable part of the grain and furnishes us with a beautiful and palatable bread which is not so nutritious as it ought to be, and which, by its softness, clogs round the teeth and offers them no desirable hardness to bite against, and in biting to clean themselves. Cognate to this error is that which is found in peeling potatoes, a process by which they lose so large a proportion of their value.

One of the greatest dangers of the present day is the terrible increase in the whole population, and even among our children, of dental caries and of pyorrhœa. At the moment an amicable (?) battle is in progress between the doctors and the dentists *à propos* of this matter.

The doctors find that many septic troubles, such as arthritis of the finger joints, of the articulations of jaw, shoulder, and knee are apparently due to oral sepsis. They also find that many muscular pains, much dyspepsia,

general malaise, and consequent neurasthenia may be referred to the same cause; and that there sometimes appears to be a real relationship between oral sepsis (sepsis of teeth, gums, and tonsils) and such major troubles as appendicitis and malignant endocarditis. The doctors therefore urge, both on patient and dentist, X-ray examination of the mouth, so that teeth decaying at the apex may be extracted and their sockets may be drained and healed. On the other hand the dentists, mindful of the present distress of edentulous patients and despairing of the individual or national welfare of a toothless race who can never masticate properly, contend that the teeth should not be extracted, but that various remedies should be tried. Meanwhile the sepsis spreads, and much care is needed to prevent serious developments.

Much has been done by better cleansing of the teeth and gums—especially after the *last* food of the day—much, too, has been accomplished by regular and frequent visits to the dentist, but more than this is needed. Among the most important and urgent reforms there must come revision of our dietary, and one of the most indispensable items of this will be the substitution of hard bread for soft, and of flour containing every part of the grain, except the husk, of wheat—also the refusal to over-polish rice when this grain is used as a principal food. The over-refined flour of many Western lands leads to defect of nutrition, and the over-polished rice to the beri-beri, well known and dreaded in the East. Possibly even more essential is a greatly increased allowance of butter or cod-liver oil to all children.

In chapter II the purposes of food are discussed. We eat to provide *fuel*, which is so transmuted in the body as to supply force and warmth—such foods are the fats, starches, and sugars. We also eat to secure body-building materials. The body increases marvellously from infancy to adult age, so that during those years a large amount of meat, poultry, fish, eggs, and cheese is required. In adult life a relatively smaller amount of body-repairing material is needed. The quantity of the foodstuffs should be regulated by the amount of physical work performed—the navvy and the athlete requiring a more liberal allowance of meat, cheese, etc., than does

the mental worker and the drone. In like manner a busy housewife needs much bread and butter, while the expectant and nursing mothers must be well supplied with meat, cheese, and eggs. All these subjects "Food and Health" treats wisely and well, in a manner to instruct those who need instruction and to interest all.

The next subject dealt with is the modern one of "the vitamins." These are at least three in number, and an adequate supply of each is essential to health, nay, even to life. As is pointed out by the authors, one vitamin cannot be substituted for another. Rice can take the place of wheat, and dripping may be used instead of butter; man's food, however, must include vitamin A, soluble in fat. This is chiefly represented by animal fats, except lard, pork, and bacon fat, and some vegetables. Vitamin B is represented by *whole* grain, dried pease, beans, lentils, and nuts, also by internal meats such as liver, kidney, sweetbread, and brain. Vitamin C is contained in most fresh fruits, *except grapes*, raw vegetables, and green vegetables cooked without soda, and for a short time only.

Here and there a statement made, and apparently justified, will cause surprise—it may be gasping—to the reader. Thus in a list of foods which are similar to those rich in vitamin A, *but* do not supply this essential, we find pork fat, bacon fat, and lard. This is explained on page 32 as being due, in part, to the improper feeding of pigs, and, in the case of lard, partly to the process through which it goes in being refined. As we fail to get the maximum profit from our wheat flour owing to the way in which it is milled, so our great friends and supporters, the pigs, need reform in their education. Probably the error in their bringing up will be remedied by their translation from the sty to the open field, and the consequent addition of green grass and herbs to their dietary.

It is also something of a shock to find the comparatively low value assigned to sugar, syrup, and treacle, to jams, marmalade, and, above all, to cooked fruits. How often has one eaten these articles from a sense of duty—a duty of which apparently the chief reward is a glow of self-satisfaction—alas and alas!

An interesting and easily understood fact mentioned

on page 33 is that the amount of cream in milk is not a safe index as to the amount of vitamin A contained in it. This important property depends rather on the food of the cow producing the milk, so that summer milk, produced while the cow has an abundance of green food, is far richer in A than is that produced during the winter, when she is fed on oilcake and turnips. The same reasoning applies to the diet of nursing mothers, who ought to be well supplied with green vegetables, green salads, and fresh, raw fruit, in addition to the more usual articles of diet.

With regard to preserved milk and meats it is important to know that their vitamin A is uninjured if they be prepared in closed vessels in the absence of air.

Chapter VIII of "Food and Health" deals with common errors in our diet, and ought to be carefully studied by all who are responsible for the economical and efficient feeding of households and institutions. It is neither summarized nor criticized here; it is excellent and very nearly faultless. If we were all fed according to its directions we should be more vigorous, healthy and contented a people than we can be while our food is selected partly in deference to custom and partly for the gratification of our special fancies and tastes.

What are Conservative Principles?

By F. W. Murrill

THIS question has often been asked in THE ENGLISH REVIEW. For months articles have been appearing from earnest young Conservatives, Liberals, or whatnots, honest searchers after Truth, and all indicate an incredible ignorance of the fact that Politics and Truth have nothing to do with each other, and never have had, except by accident.

Polished essays on political tendencies, such as the Hon. R. Erskine of Marr's "Gradualism," will always find readers in England. But anything in the nature of plain speaking is taboo. Let me, then, attempt without adducing corroborative proof, which exists in abundance, briefly to state the situation as it is.

The argument that converted the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues to the view that taxation at a preposterous level is only a mild evil is the fear that, if taxation were reduced, his party would lose votes at the next election and would be ousted by the Liberals or Labourites, or by both. Being in, they want to stay in, and the only way for a political party to stay in power in England is by truckling to the ideas of the masses, or so at least it is believed by the party leaders, who are not aristocrats, and therefore do not understand how to handle democracy. Their idea of government is to ask for instructions from the rabble, even if they do not intend to carry them out. Both demagogues and plutocrats must govern by this means, tempered, of course, by chicanery, for the reason that they are not born governors. The idea of a government of aristocrats, i.e. the bravest and most capable men, is to *govern*, because they have the faculty to do so.

In other words democracy, as a form of government, is an obvious farce. Men are unequal (if they were not, how could there be any Progress?) and always will be. Consequently the superior men should govern the inferior, and in fact until lately, by hook or crook, they have generally done so. Socialism for a century, and now Bolshevism dispute this scientific Truth and aim to raise

the rabble to power and government, with the results visible in Russia, Germany, France and England, and lately in Italy. Italy has organized itself into Fascism and has routed the rabble with arms. The same will happen wherever the middle and upper ranks retain enough virility to defend themselves.

The justification of all taxation is its use for the benefit of all classes. It should be graded to correspond to inequality of productive power, and it is so graded. Taxes levied on one class to benefit another are not only unjust but pernicious. They bolster incapacity at the expense of its betters. It is incumbent on all citizens from wage-earners up to provide for their own dependents. All insurance, charity, taxation, doles, etc., that cancel this obligation are a cancer in the commonwealth. No man has a right to contract obligations he cannot carry out. Unbridled propagation (at the expense of others) merely fills the world with the weak and the botched, and should be stamped out. The world pullulates with millions of bipeds, miscalled human beings, who should never have been born. Up to the age of mechanical invention, starvation and epidemics helped to kill them off. Now they breed incessantly and smother the world in ugliness, incapacity, dirt, and disease.

That is the Truth. But what politician will proclaim it? What Cromwell will kick out our weaklings and deport our Saklatvalas? What Mussolini will put arms in the hands of our capables and intimidate the Chandala that are clawing at ability, blood, property, and Empire?

The world has had two thousand years of the chimera of democracy and is sick unto death by it. This lie, like all other lies that deny inequality and intensive evolution in this life, the only problem that faces rational human beings, must be eradicated, and until it is eradicated all politics are a sham and must stink in the nostrils of all honest men.

[*Articles and letters from Young Conservatives are invited, and will be published monthly. As far as possible replies will be given to those expressing doubts and difficulties. Brevity will necessarily be taken into consideration in selecting those for publication.*—ED.]

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

"UDOPIA"

"WHAT's Ramsay MacDonald doing nowadays?" asked Heddle. "You don't hear much about him at all."

"You don't," replied Sergeant Murphy, "and you're not goin' to. I don't hold with his politics, but I do say the top floor of his head's not all bone. That's why whin the Socialist Party holds a conferince Ramsay conthracts a chill. Whether it's in the feet or the head never thranspires. Annyhow, he knows of old what the Forward Section are likely to say, and it means throuble for him if he's on the platform. Of two things wan. Ayether he opposes the banner-wavin' risolutions of the Comrades—which manes the divil's own row in the party, or else he stands by them—which manes that his chance of ever lolling again on the Threasury Binch is about as slim as mine is of winnin' a beauty contest."

"Them Labour Leaders are a funny lot," said Heddle.

"Funnier than they know," said the Sergeant. "I used to think they were honest min with a bee in their bonnet, but I'm beginnin' to have me doubts. How can they be honest min whin they thry to deludher the workin' classes into thinkin' that Heaven can be delivered in a plain van on the paymint of the first instalmint?

"You hear dhrivel talked at political meetin's—it's what you expect, but whin I read the report of the Indepindint Labour Party's pow-pow I asked meself why we should keep a lot of expinsive loonatic asylums.

"Listen to this, Heddle. Nearly half the Comrades voted that we should cancel all the debts owin' to us be foreign counthries, and still go on payin' wan hundred thousand pounds a day to our late—and they were late—Ally, the U.S.A.

"But that's only the beginnin'. The man that's unimployed—it doesn't matter whether he sacked himself thoughtfully a year or two before in order to devote himself to the Turf, or was thrun out for slackin'—that man is to dhraw the same wages as the fellah that does

seven or eight hours a day hard graft. Thin the wives and childhren are to have special allowances so that the responsibility of their upkeep doesn't fall on the poor divil that has his hands full studyin' the puzzlin' form of the three-year-olds. The school-leavin' age is to be extinded so that in their last year the little male pupils will parade complete with bass voices and whiskers. They won't need to worry about jobs. They'll have a dole big enough to provide the luxuries to which they're accustomed. It's Udopia—with the accint on the dope."

"That's all fine and large," said Heddle, "but where's the money to come from?"

"My dear Heddle, you don't imagine for a momint that Comrade Mosley and his friends haven't thought that out long ago. If an industhry can't stand the new wages bill and other charges, thin the next industhry will have to keep it goin'. If that wan crumples up, the wan next it will save the situation. And so on. You remimber that old game at picnic parties where all the people form a circle and sit on wan another's knees. That's the scientific model upon which the Socialist Commonwealth is bein' built up.

"Besides, there's always confiscation at the back of the Socialist mind. Not that they want to advertise the fact too loudly just now. Wan delegate pointed out that if they were to bring about Socialism in their time, the less they said about confiscation on public platforms the better. So you can see that Moscow has taught the guileless Comrades somethin'. They'll wait till they're thrusted with the keys before they announce their intintion of riflin' the safe. But their mouths wather whin they pass the Bank of England. There's not a Comrade among thim but wants to become Governor, and thin heigh-ho for four-course dinners for every family and a dhress suit for father!"

"Do they believe that?" asked Heddle.

"They think they do," replied Sergeant Murphy. "A big number of thim are advanced thinkers who'd roar with laughter at the idea of the Whale swallowin' Jonah. But, be the way they argue, there's not a doubt in their minds that Jonah could have swallowed the Whale."

The New House

By Eric Chilman

I BUILT, when love and I were wed,
  A house against the cold.
No ghost will travail here, I said,
  Until these walls be old.

There are no shades of perished men
  In ingle or on stairs,
But time will speed apace, and when
  Our lives are old affairs—

Some far-off eve, when the moon pours
  Its chill, uncertain shine—
Two ghosts may walk these crumbled floors,
  And they be yours and mine.

Meditation from Marcus Aurelius

By Benvenuta Solomon

The Play of Life

"FIVE acts are proper for a play,
But I've had only three," dost say?
Three are the whole for thee, my friend:
The drama's destined course and end
Are fixed by Him who made the laws
Whereby it moves; not thou the cause.
Depart, then, satisfied; for He
Is so who now dismisses thee.

XII. 36.

Conviction and the Drama

By Horace Shipp

The Marvellous History of Saint Bernard, by Henri Ghéon. (Kingsway.)
Conflict, by Miles Malleson. (Queen's.)
Beyond the Horizon, by Eugene G. O'Neill. (Everyman.)

WHAT is that mysterious factor in theatrical art which convinces us of the truth of a play as we watch its progress and leaves us convinced of it even when we have escaped the immediate glamour and hypnotism of the theatre? The problem was forced upon me when I considered the new piece which Sir Barry V. Jackson has translated from the French and presented to his followers, first at his Birmingham Repertory Theatre and since at the Kingsway. Its whole atmosphere, its intellectual assumptions, its human relationships, are so different and remote from those of our times that one would say it were impossible to make any audience believe in it. Yet Sir Barry Jackson himself was convinced by it when he saw it being performed at the millenary celebrations of the saint, and almost certainly the English audiences have accepted its reality. On the other hand, one sees a piece as obviously "realistic" as Mr. O'Neill's play, with its possible and even probable characters, its common tragedy of people who have married the wrong partner, of people becoming poor and ill and getting upon each other's nerves, and although all these are likely enough things to happen they barely convince in the theatre, and lose their potency almost the moment we leave it. The same applies in its own degree to the play by Mr. Malleson. Its problem and its dramatic clash are such as cannot fail to interest intellectually, for they deal with a live contemporary strife. While we are in the theatre, indeed, we are held by them and by the people who work them out, but in this case we tend to feel a little that it has been a stage battle so soon as we get beyond the lure of the footlights.

Perhaps it really is that the two voices which cry to

St. Bernard—that voice from heaven calling him to service against evil, and that other of love and the common duties of this world—have not ceased to provide a living issue. We may not believe that heaven can open a lunette (even so lovely a one as the fine art of Paul Shelving conceived) and speak its wishes; we may not accept the existence of devils as inhabitants of the rocks, nor conceive of the possibility of any young man renouncing his patrimony and his love to fight them; but we may look upon young Bernard in the anguish of choice in that midnight hour and feel that the devils who urge their presences through the darkness about him, and the Virgin and saints who proffer their guidance from the lighted heavens above, are symbols of something abidingly real in human nature and its dealings with eternal things. With Bernard played so perfectly for eye and ear as Robert Harris plays him, with Gwendolen Ffrangçon-Davies at her most winsome as Marguerite, and Valerie Taylor as a beautiful Madonna, speaking her lines with a tenderness which was a joy in itself, and with the exquisite decoration and colour of the stage and costumes, *The Marvellous History of Saint Bernard* is a real work of art. It convinces by the sincerity of fine art.

The sincerity of Mr. O'Neill is curiously of another species. One does not doubt that he believes in the people he creates; but as their lives unfold before us there is an awful feeling that their creator has predestined them along the path depicted. I suspect that the trouble with Mr. O'Neill is Professor Baker, who teaches the young idea in America how to write plays. Eugene O'Neill, being in some ways a genius, could write *The Hairy Ape* or *The Emperor Jones* in ecstatic defiance of the professor's teaching, but in such a play as *The First Man*, and to a lesser degree in *Beyond the Horizon*, one feels certain that he has mapped out the plot and the situations, and that his characters spend their energies fitting into these. Then, too, he suffers from the American inability to appreciate the nuances of our mutual tongue. Thus his characters are either using the language of everyday life without other significance than the plainest face value, or they have swept up into a torrent of poetic prose which sounds either hyperbolic or sentimental. When they are not

nagging or shouting oaths they tend to be rhapsodizing about the realms beyond the sunset or the fairies calling them over the hills. I think the sea moves Mr. O'Neill to poetry; that is to say, to language made really vital and significant. In this play the expression rose to its finest, not when its author was indulging in his desire for fine writing, but in what seemed a very ordinary passage, when Leslie Banks, as the seafaring brother, disputed the romance of the sea. In spite of the strictures upon his technique, however, one hopes that the new Everyman management will go on giving plays by playwrights as good as Mr. O'Neill. He is undoubtedly a big dramatist, and has it in him to be a great one.

Mr. Malleson's play seems to be first-rate theme drama in the theatre, and tends to look awkwardly like melodrama the morning after. I suspect that he, too, puts the cart of his plot and its burden of theme before the horse of his characterization, and although the horse happens to be a particularly strong one, and manages somehow to propel the structure along, the spectacle is not so natural as it might otherwise be. Good as it is to have any serious theme treated on the stage, the conflict between capital and labour, the broad viewpoints of class, prove rather too much for adequate statement, and you do not feel any fervour to make clear one or both positions as you do in such a piece as Galsworthy's *Strife*. Nor is the plot of any more account. It leans toward the Lyceum and hangs altogether too heavily upon the slight thread of an appropriated pound note. But the people in the piece are real enough flesh and blood, their motives (when they are their own and not those which Mr. Malleson invented before the act) are convincing, their speech is the genuine accent. In the hands of a very fine company they are revealed as being the mainstay of the play, and especially in the case of Miss Isabel Jeans is the author well served, and *Conflict* is a play to see.

A Novel Competition

1st Prize. Books to the value of £5
2nd „ „ „ „ £2
3rd „ „ „ „ £1
(to be chosen by the winner from any Publisher's List).

PRIZES are offered for the selection of the most notable passage, not exceeding 150 words in length, occurring in any speech, sermon, or article delivered or published in English, between the 15th March and 15th of the current month (April).

The conditions of entry are as follows:—

1. The full name and address of the competitor must be written upon the form below and attached to the page of the paper (the name and date of which must be visible) in which the speech, sermon, or article appeared, with the selected passage clearly marked. A passage selected from a Review or Magazine may be copied out, but the name and date of the publication must be stated.
2. Entries must be received, addressed to the Editor, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., not later than the 16th of each month.
3. The decision of the Editor will be final.

Consideration will be given severally to the style or quality of expression, the importance of the subject matter, and the forcefulness of the appeal, whether to the patriotic, moral or artistic instincts of the audience or readers.

The names of the successful competitors and the passages selected will be published in the following number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

NAME.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

DATE OF POSTING.....

Results of April Competition

1st Prize.—Miss MURIEL KENT, Glenfield, Torquay, Devon.

From "Cardinal Mercier in Occupied Belgium." By M. Emile Cammaerts. *Fortnightly Review*, April :—

"There is no surer test of greatness than the inspiration which allows a man of extraordinary ability, whatever his social position, profession, or trade, to free himself from parochialism and self-indulgence, and to realize the true nobility achieved by those who do not share his creed, his opinions, or his interests. This test may safely be applied to such a personality as Cardinal Mercier's, whether we consider the part he played as a priest, as a philosopher, or as a patriot. His ambition was not to govern circumstances, but to give his best in all circumstances under which he was placed. Such a man is proof against the hazards of life, for he can find scope for his activity in the humblest as well as in the most exalted positions, and his charity outreaches the criticisms of his enemies and the praises of his friends."

2nd Prize.—Mr. P. J. SCRIMSHIRE, 43 Port Vale, Hertford.

The Sunday Times, April 11, "A Woman's Corner." By Pandora :—

"Were it not for the hope that we shall reach in time the Land of Some Day, we should be oftentimes very miserable.

"The thought of Some Day spurs the flagging energies, cheers the faint heart. Some Day I shall have this or that; Some Day I shall give my children the chances they ought to have; Some Day I shall have time to study; Some Day I shall rest.

"And deep down in most human hearts, hearts which have been bruised and torn in the struggle, and wearied with the long journey through life, lies the great hope that Some Day we shall bravely put out to sea and travel until we touch the Golden Shores where we find a vanished youth; where we hold the hands once more of those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile —such a weary while."

3rd Prize.—Mr. C. H. WILLIAMSON, 7 Park Mansions, South Lambeth Road, S.W.8.

Mr. Stanley Rowland in "The Abuse of English Literature in Our Schools," *The English Review*, April.

"The greater part of a thoughtful man's mental life, between the age of twenty and thirty, or even forty, is spent in examining, rejecting, and replacing opinions acquired unnaturally during his mental adolescence; and happy is he if he has retained the vitality, receptiveness, and power of discernment to enable him to do so and escape continuing through life as an unreasoning sort of human gramophone."

Books

A First-rate Biography

The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne. By WILBUR L. CROSS. A New Edition. Two vols. [New Haven: Yale University Press; London, H. Milford.] 31s. 6d.

By Vernon Rendall

HITHERTO Sterne has not been too well served by biographers. Now Prof. Cross, revising his own work, has produced a life of standard quality, agreeably written, and quite free from that distressing lingo associated with the literary thesis in the United States. The book is wonderful in its sustained research, and supplies several unpublished things, as well as a bibliography. It includes Sterne's "Letter-Book," now in America, and corrects earlier views of the learned. For instance, Sterne's "Political Justice" is now known to have been published in 1759. The license of conjecture, which the modern biographer uses so frequently as to persuade himself that it is fact, is moderately exercised. The variants given of Sterne's writing show his care in the choice of a word or phrase. He knew when he had written effectively, and did not waste his sentimental outpourings any more than his sermons. He used stale love-letters with a change of the feminine name. The sermons proved successful in print, and were doubtless original and dramatic at their best, being little concerned with Christian dogma. The man who revelled with "Demoniacs" at Crazy Castle was not well suited as a clergyman. Johnson found the lax jollity of parsons "mighty offensive." Sterne deserved and felt such criticism, though in his day the Church was often only a means of making a living. In truth, with all allowance for his slender means, he was a despicable creature, strong only in sticking to the sort of writing he could do best. His indecencies of sniggering innuendo may have helped his popularity, but add little to-day to his chances of survival. One is tempted to consider his defects and qualities as largely a matter of his physical constitution. His social charm was great; he recovered

from serious hæmorrhages with all the *spes phthisica*, resolved to live for further enjoyment; but his neurotic mind dwelt on the innuendo which a healthier man would have put aside. He was not robust enough in mind or body to be a Rabelaisian, and the best of his work ranks him under the serener standard of Cervantes. Prof. Cross says wisely:—

> Were it not for Sterne's humor the man and his books would have become long since intolerable. But the everlasting humor of the man saves him; it lifts him out of the world of moral conventions into a world of his own making. We must accept him as he was, else close the book.

The humour will always attract fine judges, though I doubt if as much can be said of Sterne's vogue in England as the Professor indicates. Lucian is mentioned for comparison, and dubbed "sharp and acidulous." He was that, perhaps, when he had to expose humbugs; but otherwise those who know him best may note that the judgment is admittedly not authoritative. Lucian was much more interested in the thought of his time than Sterne, and might have been severe about the parasitic ways of the gay companion.

With Sterne's position in English letters these volumes are not concerned. His great merit as a stylist was the full freedom of the English language, which he gave to those who came after him. Sometimes above grammar, he was always lucid. He led the way in ignoring the parallelisms of the eighteenth century. Addison often wrote an excellent short sentence, and then spoilt it by adding a clause of the same length which weakened it. Johnson's balanced and patterned prose is often tedious. Sterne, with his wild fantasies, broke up this deadening formality; and in another way he was up-to-date. He

> was in truth our first writer about whom people cared much to know—how he lived, how he looked, and what he said and did when among his friends.

He was the first victim—or hero, if the reader pleases—of publicity. He secured excellent dinners and lively conversation among the rich, with some gain and loss, perhaps, to his happiness. The man of fashion and the man of letters have seldom been combined with success.

"Blandusia's Muse" (I, 148) is Horace's "Bandusia," of course, and may be an original slip. Wordsworth and Bulwer Lytton, both knowing the classics, have left the same faulty form in their books. At II, 222, the usual misquotation of Milton is continued.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

LIFE OF WILLIAM GODWIN. By FORD K. BROWN. With portraits. Dent. 16s.

IN his own day (the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and the first of the nineteenth) William Godwin was famous as the author of "Political Justice" and certain novels, one of which, "Things as They Are; or the Adventures of Caleb Williams," was reprinted as recently as 1904. But, although these books have their points, they are little read now, and their author is chiefly remembered as the husband of the pioneer of Women's Rights and the father-in-law of Shelley.

Yet he had a remarkable personality, which attracted not only men like Coleridge and Lamb, but also some of the most charming women of his time. His career was chronicled somewhat diffusely by C. Kegan Paul half a century ago: it is treated more tersely and critically by the present author. Mr. Ford Brown relies largely on his predecessor in the early part of his work, but has approached his subject as a whole less from the Shelley standpoint. Whilst making no attempt to extenuate the philosopher's outrageous treatment of the poet in money matters, he shows that his attitude towards him in the matter of Mary was not so inconsistent as it is often represented. Indeed, he puts in a plausible plea for Godwin, both as a political and ethical thinker, on the ground of the modification of his earlier opinions which followed his union with Mary Wollstonecraft.

On the other hand, the exposure of his financial shiftiness, which is the chief novelty in this biography, is sad reading indeed for the sage's admirers. It is taken from the manuscript of Francis Place, the Radical tailor. He made a manful but ineffectual attempt to put Godwin's affairs in order, but retired from the struggle at some personal loss, disgusted with the disingenuous reproaches with which his persevering patience had been rewarded. The philosopher-novelist, however, survived his financial troubles, and had a brief enjoyment of one of the last sinecures granted, as the reward of his early services to the Whig cause. The chief literary work of his old age was a "History of the Commonwealth" in four volumes, which has been of some use to the historians of our own day; but he also wrote a reply to Malthus's celebrated essay on "Population," which was "the longest answer to the shortest argument in modern times." A lively passage in the present biography is Coleridge's account of his huge quarrel with Godwin at Lamb's house in 1804; and one of the most humorous is Lamb's relation of the failure of his friend's play "Antonio," to which he himself contributed the prologue.

G. LE G. N.

BOOKS

THE FUGGER NEWS-LETTERS. Second Series. Edited by VICTOR VON KLARWILL. Translated by L. S. R. BYRNE. With 48 illustrations. Lane. 18s.

THE publishers call our attention to the fact that, unlike the previous selection, this series of News-Letters is made up of hitherto unpublished material; and the Editor, in his luminous introduction, informs us that these collections of Count Philip Fugger (now in the Vienna National Library) consist not only of the correspondence received by the Augsburg merchant prince from his correspondents in various countries, but also of communications from a local source which was, "apart from technical aids, the exact equivalent of the telegraphic agencies of to-day." What we have here are copies of a small selection made from a vast mass, and ably chosen for their reference to English affairs in the reign of Elizabeth and the first years of her successor. The originals were in German, except where otherwise stated, and have apparently been well rendered. The notes seem to us rather unnecessarily full in some cases, but we have detected only one error in them: the Earl Morton referred to on p. 55 is clearly not Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus (afterwards Morton), but James, Fourth Earl of Morton, the Regent of Scotland, who was beheaded in 1581. Nevertheless, they do not always tell us what we should like to know. Who, for instance, was the Cavalier Spanocchi, who indited that rather unctuous yet practical address to Philip II of Spain relating to the preparation of his Grand Armada? Neither is any attempt made to reveal the identity of that "King of India" whom a Venetian correspondent reports as leaving forty millions in gold to His Sacred Majesty of Spain. India in these documents sometimes means Spanish America, sometimes Hindustan.

Fugger's correspondents were often well-informed (especially those from Cologne), but they sometimes repeat the wildest rumours, and their reports are usually coloured by local feeling. Those from Spain chronicle, in general anxiety for the arrival of the "Indian" fleets, the whereabouts and doings of the "pirate" Drake, and the tardy preparation for the Grand Armada. Constantinople correspondents record negotiations on behalf of England and France for the help of the Grand Turk against Spain, some of these, strangely enough, being in Latin. An appeal of the English Ambassador to the Turk terms the most Catholic King of Spain "the chief of all idolaters," and speaks of "our faith" in contradistinction to that of the "proud Spaniard" and "the lying Pope"; and the Sultan replies in similar vein. But little came of it, as the English and French were not sufficiently freehanded. Much is heard from London of the long-drawn-out marriage negotiations between Elizabeth and Alençon ("Froggy"); of the numerous plots against the Queen, and the punishments inflicted, and of her cautious aid to the Protestants in the Netherlands and France. Antwerp and Middelburg supply news of the armadas—Spanish and English—and of the course of trade. Elizabeth certainly gave her sailors a pretty free hand, though in later years she seems to have found it desirable to draw the reins rather more tightly. Between 1601 and 1604 there is a hiatus; but though we get news in the latter year of the much-longed-for peace between England and Spain, Antwerp reports pessimistically that "so far it has done little good to trade or anything else."

THE RAVEN ON THE SKYSCRAPER: A STUDY OF MODERN AMERICA. By VERONICA and PAUL KING. Fisher Unwin. 10s.

IN this study of "Modern American Portents," Mr. and Mrs. King display the courage of a very decided conviction that all is not for the best in the great Republic. The tale which they set out to tell, "mostly gathered from native sources and carefully verified by personal observation" during two years' residence and travel in the United States, is frankly of the seamy side of American civilization. Its moral is plainly indicated from the outset, for they dedicate their work "with sympathy and admiration, to the Dying Race of Real Americans." They certainly manifest little sympathy or admiration for the heterogeneous swarm of mainly "undesirable" Europeans which has replaced the old Puritan and Colonial stock; its activities and character are subjected to criticisms which are nothing if not outspoken. The facts and opinions they have collected, notably with regard to the Press, the Stage, and the Cinema, are such as to warrant their conclusion that, "in some of its aspects, American civilization to-day represents a slow destruction of mental, moral, and physical fibre." On the authority of American observers, they are disposed to attribute the degeneracy of the Press and Stage to Jewish control. Their criticisms under these headings are somewhat too obviously selected to vindicate a *parti pris*; they quote, for example, these opinions from the *Dearborn Independent*: "Control of the Press by the Jews is *a matter of keeping certain things out of the public mind and putting certain things into it*. . . . . Frivolity, sensuality, indecency, appalling illiteracy and endless platitude are the marks of the American stage as it approaches its degeneracy under Jewish control. . . . Their theatre-controlling Trust handles plays, theatres and actors like factory products, vulgarizing and commercializing everything connected with the theatre." We fancy we have heard something of the same kind nearer home.

Those who believe that all sweeping judgments are unjust, and that "there is some soul of goodness in things evil," will find this book too one-sided to be pleasant or convincing. Despite its obvious defects it may, however, serve a useful purpose if it helps to correct the tendency towards undiscriminating subservience to America. Mr. and Mrs. King have some plain and timely truths to tell concerning the prospects of Anglo-American co-operation for the good of mankind, pointing out that to be of any permanent and effective benefit to humanity, such co-operation must be based on principles of equality, reciprocity, and mutual respect. They deprecate, as futile, undignified and prejudicial to the stability of the British Empire, any idea of co-operation between the two nations that is based on the assumption of political supremacy and moral superiority by the United States; an assumption which, they point out, finds continual utterance, not only throughout the American Press, but in the writings and speeches of eminent Americans, such as the late Walter Page and his successors at the American Embassy in London. They protest against acquiescence in America's current claims to world leadership. As an example of the manner in which these claims have been held and advanced in the highest quarters, they cite passages from

Mr. Page's memorable letters in war-time to President Wilson. Here is one:

"We can command these people, this Government, this tight island and its world-wide Empire; they honour us, they envy us, they see the time near at hand when we shall command the capital and the commerce of the world if we unfetter our mighty people. They wish to keep very close to us."

The average educated Englishman, reading stuff of this kind, comforts himself with the reflection that in foreign policy and statecraft, America is still in what the Chinese call the "larn-pidgin" stage of development, and hopes for the best. Mr. and Mrs. King take it all very seriously; in transatlantic phrase, it surely has "got their goat."

J. O. P. B.

FICTION

ROUGH JUSTICE. By C. E. MONTAGUE. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

GOOD fiction seems to be presenting us with good Tories lately. Mr. F. M. Ford gave us Christopher Tietjens, and now comes Thomas Garth. Like "No More Parades," this book paints modern war as it really is, as different from any other war before it, as messy, unromantic, brutalizing. Mr. Montague saw the war from all sides; the heroism at the front, the self-seeking at the back—and the sordidness all over. He expresses his philosophy in Thomas Garth. Writ short, that philosophy is love of England, and love of the true solid Englishman, the common man, who does the work, without fear, and with very few favours. That is the type which alone can pull England through, the Englishman of the slow wits, set purpose, and clean heart; the man who drinks English beer, and isn't worried too much about theories and "—isms." The book is a little austere and staid. The author is not out to set the Thames on fire; he doesn't want to—he is quite content to write exquisitely, wielding a pen well known for its style.

THE LAST DAY. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MRS. SEYMOUR'S new novel is a study of a transition woman forced on the last day of a holiday to square her accounts between romantic passion with her lover and the mental and social poise of her normal life with a husband who has become a habit rather than a stimulus. It is a piece of painstaking and ruthless analysis—so ruthless that we inevitably react from the type portrayed. But the business of art is not that of presenting merely pleasant people, and the author, by subjecting the romantic tradition of "all for love and the world well lost" to the test of her heroine's vacillating calculations, does some useful revaluation. She has done her part in characterization and situation, in psychological analysis and the creation of atmosphere, excellently. If we dislike the book it will be because we are too enamoured of the romantic tradition of life to dare question it, or too bored by it to wish to discuss it further.

DEATH AT SWAYTHLING COURT. By J. J. CONNINGTON. Benn. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a detective story. We do not believe that the real expert in such things can be deceived till a late stage if the author plays fair. But Mr. Connington has held up and puzzled a good average reader we know. His book illustrates the immense elaboration of recent years, which is tending to make mysteries too complicated. The amount of clues left about, and possible guilty parties, is prodigious. Some of the characters, including a parson who quotes Latin, a village idiot, and a parrot, are agreeably fresh in this sort of story, and the investigator, a dominant colonel, has a nice touch of the famous Dr. Watson.

THE LAND OF MIST. By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

IT is many years since Sherlock Holmes—in the "Strand Magazine," we think—claimed the eager interest of readers. This volume is from the same source, but raises nothing like the same excitement. It is dedicated "to the Reverend George Vale Owen as a token of sympathy, admiration, and friendship," which may be sufficient for the reader to guess its character. This gentleman exhaled in a Sunday paper his copious but unconvincing views of a future life; and they were repudiated by persons inclined to his belief, but unwilling to endorse his fatuity.

Literature is often spoilt, if we can trust a fairly wide experience, by the resolute pursuit of propaganda. These stories are the propaganda of a whole-hogger for spiritualism and mediums. They are designed to make us believe in the "Land of Mist," as envisaged by the author; and they are poor stuff for the average reader.

Sir Arthur is entitled to make the best of his own case, but he should not misrepresent the forces of criticism against him. His firm believers describe the Press as always unfair, the "lowest, most soulless folk." He ignores the fact that investigations have been made by responsible and trustworthy people without a bias either way, and have not endorsed his view that the "famous Hope" (here mentioned by name) produces the "best established of all phenomena." It was not Aristides who said: "Strike, but hear me" (p. 238); but it is strange to suggest that the cause has not got a fair hearing. Elsewhere we learn that it is "hardly possible for a medium to deceive an experienced spiritualist," and that the cabinet in séances, which the soulless have regarded as suspicious, is used to collect wandering ectoplasm. As for study-circles, they may help and soothe some; but we remark that they have put in print demonstrably inaccurate stuff about the facts of this world. Which is a pity, though we know the explanation:

"they incline
To gibe and jeer, these undeveloped sorts."

AFTERNOON. By SUSAN ERTZ. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

MISS ERTZ begins with fun and tragedy—Charles Lester, a youthful husband, deserted by his wife in Rome, making his way to England, encumbered by a broken heart, a fussy hotel acquaintance, and two baby girls. When next seen, in the 'forties, with his daughters grown up, he is cured of the love of women, and a singularly happy man, being

sufficiently prosperous. Here fate intervenes in the form of two young men and a still young woman, and from this point the afternoon really begins. Insight which escapes cynicism, and fun which avoids farce mark the protracted struggle of Charles Lester and Lydia Chalmers to avoid the bonds of matrimony. The lovers of the daughters in their different ways are delightfully touched in with sympathetic malice. This is a book to note and remember.

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LODGERS IN LONDON. By ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

THIS first novel makes us believe in hereditary talent. The Bloomsbury boarding-house, in which the scene is laid, is the theatre of three amazing, but quite credible, themes which are well interwoven. There is the delicate love story of a young Jesuit postulant and a womanly young dancer; the passionate devotion of an unbalanced child for an elderly, hopeless artist; and the tragi-comedy of a retired pastrycook, who reproduces his sugar triumphs in clay with childlike delight, until he is awakened to a sense of beauty by the Elgin marbles. These leading themes fall naturally into the commonplace world of shabby respectability, with the soupy smells and domestic difficulties, conversations and characterizations of Bloomsbury. The book is one of great promise.

1944. By the EARL OF HALSBURY. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH this book is couched in the form of fiction, it is frankly propaganda written with a view to awakening the public to the perils of attack by gas-bombs from the air. In a brief preface the author gives added weight to the views he is expressing by referring to the articles on the subject in THE ENGLISH REVIEW from the pens of M. André Michelin and Captain Brifaut in October 1924 and February 1925. After a prologue concerning Noah the story opens in 1925 with a talk between Sir John Blundell, Pierre de Marnac, and Captain Scott, in which the former convinces the other two of the menace of poison gas attacks, and the three agree to form an unofficial secret service to give warning to one another and, when the time arrives, to make a second ark of Sir John's yacht, in which, if necessary, to seek a safe place in some remote corner of the world wherein to found a new civilization. The great day arrives in 1944, when a sudden attack is launched on London by the combined forces of Russia and Germany, dominated by a recently-risen Russian dictator, to the number of more than 20,000 bombing and protective scout aeroplanes. From his post in Russia, Scott is able to send warning through de Marnac, in charge of the Eiffel Tower wireless station, to Sir John Blundell, who, after a vain attempt to convince the House of Commons of the authenticity of his information, collects as many of his friends as possible, sets off by aeroplane, and boards his yacht *Stella* at the agreed rendezvous at Watchet. Unfortunately Sir John's son Dick and de Marnac's daughter Sylvia are caught while dining at the Savoy. They escape to the river, where they have the horror of witnessing the fall from the overcrowded roof of the Savoy of many of

those who had sought refuge there from the heavy gas which remained at the lower levels. Then follows a convincing description of their adventures during the next weeks in a country utterly demoralized by the systematic plastering of all important towns and villages with gas bombs, which renders them uninhabitable and drives the remnants of the inhabitants to the high lands, where the spectre of starvation begins to rear its ugly head. In the meantime, Scott, disguising himself as an enemy aviator, lands on the roof of the Foreign Office and rescues the Prime Minister and his daughter who have taken refuge there. Ultimately all foregather on the *Stella*, and the book ends with the return of the party to tenantless, but undamaged, London to rebuild civilization with the remains of the population.

Granted the premises, the story has been as convincingly told as it well could be; and Lord Halsbury—though he modestly refrains from mentioning the fact—is, of course, thoroughly qualified to deal with aviation, having himself served in the R.N.A.S. and R.A.F. during the war. Inevitably perhaps, he loads the dice by, for all practical purposes, ignoring the measures which would be taken by the Home Defence forces to break up the enemy formations. The efficacy of gas bombs compared with high explosives is, of course, a highly contentious point which cannot be suitably discussed here.

ESSAYS

LAST ESSAYS. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THERE are moods when one is wont to regard great reputations with suspicion, and opening this volume we resolved to treat it as though come from an unknown hand. To say that it emerged from this test in triumph is to understate a debt, primarily of gratitude; for it is good to feel that writing so noble has been done in our own day. The essential Conrad is here in full measure. No one but he could have felt and rendered in a perfect medium such papers as the one headed "Geography and Some Explorers," or the tribute which he pays to that great ship, *The Torrens*, or that fine and glowing interpretation of "The Dover Patrol." These have something of the quality of our highest odes, an organ note compared with which the average essayist's essay is the merest tinkling.

Apart from these flights, wherein our prose is made to discover its last secrets, Mr. Conrad, in more homely phrase, tells of his intimacy with Stephen Crane and gives us an estimate of that author. A less extended notice deals with John Galsworthy and Hudson's book, "Green Mansions." These are among the few literary diversions of a writer whose main business was with life, and especially with such aspects of it as manifest themselves against his chosen element, the sea. A most practical and professionally competent Conrad is revealed in the "Memorandum on the Scheme for Fitting-out a Sailing Ship," a proposal drawn up at the request of Messrs. Holt, the Liverpool shipowners, who sought Conrad's advice in the matter of a training-ship for young seamen. So well-reasoned and complete an argument might have been put forward by a first-class Civil Servant. Two letters to the *Times* on "The Future of Constantinople" reveal the fact that Conrad was alive

to a major issue in foreign politics, and, finally, Mr. Richard Curle, under whose care and editorship this valedictory volume has been put together, includes the fragment of a diary which Conrad kept during that Congo interlude which gave us one of his finest pieces, "Heart of Darkness." A word of thanks is due to Mr. Curle for his Introduction, a short paper which "places" these last gleanings in the completed scheme of Joseph Conrad's life and work. A. K.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR. By the late VISCOUNT MILNER. New Edition, with Notes by the VISCOUNTESS MILNER. Nelson. 2s.

IT has become almost a commonplace to say at any given time that never was warning and guidance more urgently required than at that particular moment; yet in reviewing "Questions of the Hour" one cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that, although the saying may be trite, it is none the less true to-day.

The thoughts are the thoughts of a great Englishman, a "British Race patriot," a Nationalist; and the lessons are the teachings of such a man based on the conscientious study of every subject with which he deals. No man who is called to a position of influence and himself claims to be a "British Race patriot" can afford to leave this book unread.

An attempt to analyse the general attributes of the author must fail unless one is content to take refuge in the word "character" as an all-embracing definition. Few men have exerted so much influence on their generation, and have yet been so little "well known" as Lord Milner. Although acutely conscious of all the movements around him, he appeared to remain detached from his surroundings, and to possess in a peculiar degree the power of encompassing current events in a bird's-eye view.

While he inspired devotion and veneration, he did not appear to seek friendships; his magnetism was entirely unconscious. He was a wonderful listener, and, always ready to give help or advice, he rarely volunteered it.

None sought his guidance without being encouraged and invigorated, for there were few problems of any importance to which he had not already devoted thought; he was one of those who could "dream and not make dreams his master; could think and not make thoughts his aim," and the conclusion of these dreams and thoughts is compressed into this little volume.

It deals with facts and principles; the facts are introvertible, but the principles will only be generally accepted when our statesmen have learnt, perhaps in the harsh school of necessity, the value of Imperial economic expansion; of "*a financial policy consistently directed* to the maintenance of industrial activity through private enterprise"; of "the supreme importance of Imperial development to the economic salvation of Great Britain"; and that "the markets of the Empire are the most sure, the most capable of expansion and the most profitable," while "there is, after all, a market more important still, and that is the *Home market*," for "the laborious business of importing and exporting *is not an end in itself*; if we could produce all that we wanted in our own country there would be no need for it all."

Lord Milner foresees the time when the producer will come into his own, because upon production rests the stability of the whole Imperial fabric—the producer of food first, of articles of everyday necessity for home consumption next, and afterwards of articles of commerce. The purveyor and the financier are to be relegated to a secondary position; he foresees the time when "Labour will hire Capital and not Capital Labour," and when all those engaged in productive industry will be intelligently conscious of a personal stake in the success or failure of the undertaking to which they are devoting the energy of their lives. He does not deplore the doctrines of sane Nationalization in cases where private enterprise has obviously been unequal to national economy, but only the extravagances of its advocates on the one side and its opponents on the other.

He deals specially with the primary products: food and coal, for coal is, after all, the chief alternative to food, so long as we remain content to depend upon our imports for 70 per cent. of our sustenance. Mr. Frank Hodges, secretary of the International Miners' Federation, describes coal as the "life-blood of the nation," and Mr. Rudyard Kipling has testified to its worth in verse:

"Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers
With England's own coal, up and down the salt seas?
We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter,
Your beef, pork and mutton, eggs, apples and cheese."

Lord Milner places Agriculture in the forefront of post-war reconstruction, and deplores the forsaking of that "practical wisdom which is the child of experience." "Is it not worth while," he asks, "to consider whether all our imports are necessary, and whether some of our hundreds of thousands of unemployed could not be used in producing at home a great deal of what we now bring in from abroad—for there is still a large proportion of them which we not only could produce ourselves, but which *we are in every conceivable respect the worse for not producing*?" "The renewed decadence of agriculture is a many-sided disaster," leading first to "an increase in the numbers of men whom we shall have to support in idleness, and, secondly, to the diminution of the *effective demand* for the products of industries other than agriculture." "Foreign trade is not always a blessing; it is not a blessing when it involves the ruin of a native industry."

He finds it "perfectly impossible to believe that abject poverty is the inevitable lot of any considerable number of people in this country. It may be true, no doubt it is true, that we do not produce enough to supply their elementary needs. *But why don't we?* It cannot be impossible.

In a chapter called "Towards Peace in Industry" he deals with the waste of energy and material, patent on all sides in this old country. He points out that, "owing to the lack of proper organization, thousands of people everywhere are doing work that could be done by as many hundreds, while thousands more are picking up a living in occupations that have no social value at all."

Official Labour is hesitating between *two ideals, the Imperial and the*

International. It is in the pursuit of the Imperial ideal that the whole future of the British race lies, while for us the International ideal is a will-o'-the-wisp.

This book is a testimony to Idealism, but only in so far as it is inspired by the love of our country and peoples.

V. A. M.

NEW EDITIONS

THE ROMANCES OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS. THE THREE MUSKETEERS, 2 vols.; TWENTY YEARS AFTER, 2 vols.; LE CHEVALIER D'HARMENTAL; THE REGENT'S DAUGHTER. Dent. 4s. 6d. each.

WE can never have too much of the great and ventripotent Creole, who, though not warmly regarded by French men of letters, has long been an English classic. Monte Cristo and D'Artagnan are undying heroes of romance. Dumas had a vivacity in dialogue and an ingenuity in plot and surprise which any novelist might envy, and even when he signed the prose written by his assistant Maquet, the result was better than some books now considered first-rate. The "Musketeers" are the top of a long series, if not the top of all extant romances, and the introductory note to the first volume includes the praise of Thackeray and Andrew Lang. Thackeray's favourite was Athos, but a modern may find him a little too solemn, full of what Lamb calls *modesto-vanitas*, and may be glad when, like Wordsworth, he is found overtaken with drink. "Twenty Years After" keeps up the excitement of the immortal band well, and without any of the *longueurs* which invade the otherwise admirable sequel concerning the too-perfect Vicomte. It is D'Artagnan who develops perfectly from the needy adventurer to the wise and mellow man of the world, able to rule others and confess his mistakes.

The two stories of the Regency which accompanied the youth of Louis XV offer an excellent character for romance in the Duc d'Orléans, whose good and bad points are strongly marked. Dumas always excels in depicting the generous gesture, and the Chevalier, disappointed in his career and his love, and ready with the aid of a hardened knight of industry to tackle a desperate venture, cuts a pretty figure. Perhaps we detect something of a recipe for romance in the hands of the ever fluent master; but what an excellent recipe it is! All the while he kept pretty close to history, as the introductions tell us, in the creation of his immense and vivid world.

The text is American in its printing, giving us "honor" and "revery," but the type is good and clear, and the page not too crowded with words. Altogether, a pleasant edition, and we envy those who come to it for the first time. They have many happy hours before them.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE OF MRS. SHAMELA ANDREWS. By HENRY FIELDING (?). With an Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Golden Cockerel Press. 15s.

HERE is an elegant piece of printing set by hand, the first reprint of a counterblast—in all probability by Fielding—to the canting morality which Richardson exhibited at full length in his heroine Pamela. Mr. Johnson gives reasons for Fielding's authorship, and the piece with its

irony and plain speaking is the sort of thing we might expect from him, apart from coincidences of phrase with his known books. It is a devastating exposure of crude human nature, very different from the picture of calculating "Vartue" made by the fat printer, and the extension of "Mr. B——" into "Mr. Booby" must have been galling to him. Fielding is pretty free in delineating his shameless and aspiring jade; but he is much more honest than his sentimental contemporary, who was cried up and preached up by the clergy.

DRAMA AND GENERAL

LONDON'S LOST THEATRES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By ERROLL SHERSON. Bodley Head. 18s.

EARLY in this enormous book the author warns us that he is an "old fogy" and garrulous withal, and that his scheme is to "jot down" some recollections of the playhouses where late Victorian theatre history was made. Then for four hundred pages he indulges his taste for reminiscence. He produces a deal of entertaining matter, useful record and interesting gossip, even though this metal be alloyed with trivialities and irrelevancies of no importance. The four pages of the history of Adah Menken, for example, form a valuable vignette of a strange and almost forgotten life; and such sidelights on theatre progress as the innovations in scenery made by Charles Fechter will be welcomed by the serious student. Happily, too, as a kind of death-bed repentance, there is a magnificent index.

Although Mr. Sherson will not cause most of us to "sigh for the productions and performance of days that are gone," nor make us believe that comparatively "there is little to like or praise in the theatre world to-day," he has rescued a great amount of theatrical history and many photographs from oblivion, and provided a volume of amusing gossip.

BIRDS IN ENGLAND. By E. M. NICHOLSON. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.

MR. NICHOLSON presents a fair and impartial criticism on the whole subject of bird protection, and, though a bird lover, has allowed no sentiment to affect his conclusions or bias his judgment. His views are the result of laborious research and consideration. There are so many points of view! We have heard an entomologist complain that the birds in the New Forest were far too much for the insects.

In a preface he declares that, if the bird lovers and protectionists of to-day knew more, they would believe fewer fallacies, and accomplish more. His book should make them pause and think, for it is both learned and interesting. Popular outcries—e.g. against predatory birds—have a way of being ill-considered.

An able chapter is devoted to the importance of birds and their economic status in Nature. Causes which may be assigned for their disappearance from the country-side are fully discussed in the "Balance of Birds," and, if the greater blame belongs to man and his necessities, Nature has in cases been responsible.

Though confessedly once a collector himself, the author knows that such people have made many species which once frequented our shores

into rarities. The failures of the Wild Birds Protection Acts are noted and deplored. We find much that is interesting about Montagu and his more famous contemporary, Gilbert White, while Hudson and his work get a chapter of appreciation. The pictures by E. F. Daglish are elegant, particularly that of the avocet; but the birds are not all easy to recognize. That depredator, the Little Owl, is pretty, but not convincing, on the frontispiece.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SCAPA SOCIETY. By RICHARDSON EVANS. Constable. 6s.

THIS is the book of a society which seeks to preserve the beauty of town and country, and wages war against the unsightly impertinence of advertisers. The "harvest of a quiet eye" is very mixed nowadays. Advertisement, not content with its legitimate sphere, where it has ample chances to make itself evident, now creeps in everywhere. It has long filled railway stations and the world of print. This is the point we should emphasize, that, as the Press is always open to advertisements, that source of publicity might well be sufficient. An expert in the advertising world has been recently explaining that a front page in all the leading newspapers of this country can be taken at a cost of about a farthing for each reader who sees them. Daily, with lavish expenditure of stamps, illustrations, and printed matter, puffs are poured by post on the citizen from morn to dewy eye. Is not this enough, and cannot he enjoy a fine city view or the country-side without being confronted with a

"List of all physical ills,
Banished by somebody's pills"?

A similar indifference to decency is shown by the mass of paper and other refuse left about wherever rural beauty has been secured for public use. Scapa looks after such doings, and has secured laws and by-laws which local authorities can apply. Can nothing be done to improve gas-works? Were they not standardized too early in their present ugliness? The signs and other contrivances on the banks of the Thames and the heights of the most frequented London squares are an outrage on the dignity of the City. "Dignity! that went out with Speaker Peel" the hard man of business may urge, if he knows social history. But he would not like to be spattered with mud, which is simply matter in the wrong place, like hoardings among the cowslips. Would he let out his own head, if he were bald, for a "slogan" puffing some commodity?

Mr. Evans is too wordy to be a good propagandist, but he has secured plenty of shorter comments from men of mark in various lines. They show that the man of taste cannot be "so unæsthetic and so unexacting in these matters" as Lord Birkenhead in his speech from the Woolsack. The Lake District has long since applied legal restrictions against field-boards. The Thames Conservancy does not allow obnoxious hoardings, where it has any control. In 1924 the leading sellers of motor spirit agreed, in deference to representations made by Scapa, to remove colossal advertisements in a great number of places by the roadside. In France "field-boards are subject to an impost deliberately intended

to be prohibitive." These are examples of what can be, and has been, done. We hope that Scapa may flow on steadily as the years go by, and submerge sights that savage and backward races have never had to endure. What we playfully call our civilization has much to answer for.

MAPE. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. Lane. 7s. 6d.

M. MAUROIS has established himself in England as the creator of Colonel Bramble, and has entertained many readers with the deft manipulation of certain sides of Shelley's personality in his "Ariel." The latter book, it seems to the present reviewer, ignores the not unimportant fact that Shelley was a poet before all things. No such mistake is made in "Mape," which has all the bright qualities of its predecessor, and is equally well translated, whilst the woodcuts by Constance Grant add to its attractiveness.

A brief introduction explains the title. "Mape" is the imaginary world of a child used, we suspect, by an afterthought, as a *milieu* in which the personages of all three succeeding stories can disport themselves. But the fictional element, except to some extent in the second, is slight, amounting to little more than framework. Biographical fact, as in "Ariel," is closely followed, especially in the Goethe and Siddons studies. In the French story, for obvious reasons, a somewhat thicker veil seems to be drawn over the identity of the principal personages.

The first story is concerned with the evolution of Goethe's "Sorrows of the Young Werther," showing how he mingled fact and fiction, his own emotions and events in the lives of acquaintances, and consoled himself for disappointment in love by the joy of creation. An effective epilogue to the story of Goethe, Charlotte, and Jérusalem, is the meeting of the first two in the after-years at Weimar, when "conversation was difficult," and disillusion complete: only "Werther" was still alive. "It was Monsieur de Balzac's Fault" is in a somewhat different vein, describing how an ambitious young man of talent wrecked his career by impersonating a character in a Balzac novel, throwing himself all too fully into the situation. This appears to be founded on a friend of the author's, as M. Maurois introduces himself by name in the narrative. The third story reveals the tragic philandering of the artist Lawrence with the two daughters of Mrs. Siddons, and the attitude of the "Tragic Muse" towards it. An affectionate mother, she kept the expression of her emotion for her art.

G. LE G. N.

Although every precaution is taken, the Editor will not be responsible for the loss or damage of manuscripts sent in for consideration; nor can he undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.